

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1016.—21 November, 1863.

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MR. BEECHER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

EVERY loyal American, whatever his opinions respecting the past words and acts of Henry Ward Beecher, will thank him for his work across the water. It is no exaggeration to affirm that the five speeches he has delivered,—in Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London,—each pursuing its own line of argument and appeal, have done more for our cause in England and Scotland than all that has been before said or written. Mr. Beecher possesses the faculty, beyond any other living American, of combining close, rapid, powerful, *practical* reasoning with intense passion. His mind is always aglow with his subject, and whatever comes from it, even if it does not flash conviction, is almost sure to kindle sympathy. This, combined with his marvellous power of illustration—marvellous alike for its intense vividness and its unerring pertinency—and with his great flexibility, whereby he adapts himself completely to the exigency of the instant, gives him a rare command over a common audience. Even those who hate, can't help admiring, and those most steeled with prejudice have to wince in spite of themselves.

No better proof of the power of Mr. Beecher's eloquence need be had than the immense efforts made by the rebel sympathizers, after his first speeches, to shut his lips by force. . . . And yet how well he has sustained himself. It was a grand spectacle—in St. George's Hall, Liverpool—when he struggled two livelong hours against that raging sea of insult, taunt, irony, impertinent questioning, blackguardism, curses, hisses, cat-calls, stampings, hootings, yellings—every possible manifestation of hate, every possible form of disorder—a brave sight, we say, this strong-winged bird of the storm matching his might against it—now soaring up to overcome it—now sinking down to undermine it—now dashing in its teeth—now half-choked in the gust of its fury, but always moving onward, and in the end riding triumphant on the very crest of its wildest billows. There has not been a more heroic achievement on any of our fields of battle than the successful delivery of that speech against the odds which opposed it. . . .

It is plain, from the whole tone of the British press, that Mr. Beecher has been instrumental in stirring, or at least in hastening, a complete revolution of the popular feeling of the kingdom in favor of our national cause. . . . There is no longer any obstacle to our receiving the friendly advances of the British people with entire good-will. Nobody but an enemy of his race can doubt that it is better that the two great free powers of the world should be friends rather than enemies. Every man who, without sacrifice of principle, promotes this end, is a benefactor. Mr. Beecher, in doing this, while at the same time vindicating our national cause with unflinching spirit, has entitled himself to the gratitude of every right-hearted American.—*N. Y. Times*.

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WEARINESS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O LITTLE feet, that such long years
Must wander on through doubts and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load !
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road.

O little hands, that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask !
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts, that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires !
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls, as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine !
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !
—*Atlantic Monthly.*

OCTOBER.

WHAT care we for falling leaves
Song birds flying,
Garlands dying,
On the wind that lowly grieves ?
Come, my bird, and sing to me.
Cheerily, so cheerily !
Thou, sweet spirit,
Dost inherit
Life to make the autumn time
Change to summer's richest prime.

What care we for mists that rise
Valleys shrouded,
Skies o'erclouded,
Chilly evening's faded dyes ?
Come, clear eyes and look on me
Tenderly, so tenderly !
Thou, bright spirit,
Dost inherit
Life to make the autumn time
Change to summer's richest prime.

What though friends like autumn leaves
Seem to fail us,
Or assail us—
Not e'en that my spirit grieves.
Come, strong heart, my help to be—
Steadily, so steadily !
Thou, fair spirit,
Dost inherit
Life to make the autumn time
Change to summer's happiest prime.

A BIRD AT SUNSET.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

WILD bird, that wingest wide the glimmering
moors,
Whither, by belts of yellowing woods away ?
What pausing sunset thy wild heart allures
Deep into dying day ?

Would that my heart, on wings like thine, could
pass
Where stars their light in rosy regions lose—
A happy shadow o'er the warm brown grass,
Falling with falling dews !

Hast thou, like me, some true-love of thine own,
In fairy-lands beyond the utmost seas ;
Who there, unsolaced, years for thee alone,
And sings to silent trees !

Oh, tell that woodbird that the summer grieves,
And the suns darken and the days grow cold ;
And tell her, love will fade with fading leaves,
And cease in common mould.

Fly from the winter of the world to her !
Fly, happy bird ! I follow in thy flight,
Till thou art lost o'er yonder fringe of fir
In baths of crimson light.

My love is dying far away from me.
She sits and saddens in the fading west.
For her I mourn all day, and pine to be
At night upon her breast.
[See Bryant's "Whither midst Falling Dew."—*Living Age.*]

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

BEHOLD our trusty Pilot, Jack,
Between two whirlpools steering,
And, whilst from Scylla drawing back,
Charybdis deftly clearing,
Not winds around his bark that sweep,
Not roaring waves affright him,
Nor sharks, nor monsters of the deep,
That grin and threat to bite him.

Him not the Great Sea Serpent can
Disturb with giddy terror,
Nor either larboard drive the man,
Or starboard, into error,
A hundred yards its head in vain
Towards the stars upraising,
Shaking aloft its horrid mane ;
Its eyes like meteors blazing.

Its tail, half severed from its head,
With dire contortions lashes
The billows into foam, blood-red,
Which mess our Pilot splashes.
Yet holds he on his middle course,
And does not swerve or blunder,
But leaves the Snake with its own force
To writhe itself asunder.

—*Puach.*

From Punch.*

A HANDFUL OF HAWTHORN.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, author of the *Scarlet Letter* and the *House with the Seven Gables* (you see we at once endeavor to create a prejudice in your favor), you are a 'cute man of buisness besides being a pleasing writer. We have often credited you with literary merit, and your style, dear boy, puts to shame a good many of our own writers who ought to write better than they do. But now let us have the new pleasure of congratulating you on showing that you are as smart a man, as much up to snuff, if you will pardon the colloquialism, as any Yankee publisher who ever cheated a British author. You have written a book about England, and into this book you have put all the caricatures and libels upon English folk, which you collected while enjoying our hospitality. Your book is thoroughly saturated with what seems ill-nature and spite. You then wait until the relations between America and England are unpleasant, until the Yankee public desires nothing better than good abuse of the Britisher, and then, like a wise man, you cast your disagreeable book into the market. Now we like adroitness, even when displayed at our own expense, and we hope that the book will sell largely in America, and put no end of dollars to your account. There was once a person of your Christian name, who was said to be without guile. Most American pedigrees are dubious, but we think you would have a little extra trouble to prove your descent from Nathaniel of Israel. In a word, you are a Smart Man, and we can hardly say anything more likely to raise you in the esteem of those for whom you have been composing. Come, there is none of the "insular narrowness," on which you compliment us all, in this liberal tribute to your deserts. You see that in spite of what you say, "these people" (the English) do not all "think so loftily of themselves and so contemptuously of everybody else that it requires more generosity than you possess to keep always in perfectly good-humor with them." You will have no difficulty in keeping in perfectly good-humor with us.

* Punch evidently disapproves of such Consuls as make books against the people with whom they have been living. What was the name of the Irish Gentleman, late Consul at Boston? He wrote an unpleasant book.—*Living Age*.

We are pleased with you, too, on another point. You stick at nothing, and we like earnestness. Not content with smashing up our male population in the most everlasting manner, you make the most savage onslaught upon our women. This will be doubly pleasant to your delicate-minded and chivalrous countrymen. And we are the more inclined to give you credit here, because you do not write of ladies whom you have seen at a distance, or in their carriages, or from the point of view of a shy and awkward man who skulks away at the rustle of a crinoline, and hides himself among the ineligible at the ball-room door. Everybody knows that you have had ample opportunity of cultivating ladies' society, and have availed yourself of that opportunity to the utmost. Everybody in the world knows that the gifted American Consul at Liverpool is an idolizer of the ladies, and is one of the most ready, fluent, accomplished talkers of lady-talk that ever fascinated a sofa-full of smiling beauties. His gay and airy entrance into a drawing-room, his pleasant assurance and graceful courtesy, his evident revel in the refined atmosphere of perfume and *persiflage*, are proverbial, and therefore he is thoroughly acquainted with the nature and habits of English women. Consequently his tribute has a value which would not appertain to the criticisms of a sheepish person, either so inspired with a sense of his own infinite superiority, or so operated on by plebeian *mauvaise honte*, that he edges away from a lady, flounders and talks nonsense when compelled to answer her, and escapes with a red face, like a clumsy hobbadehoy, the moment a pause allows him to do so. No, no, this is the testimony of the lady-killer, the sparkling yet tender Liverpool Lovelace, Nathaniel Hawthorne, to the merits of our English women.

"English girls seemed to me all homely alike. They seem to be country lasses of sturdy and wholesome aspect, with coarse-grained, cabbage-rosy cheeks, and I am willing to suppose, a stout texture of moral principle, such as would bear a good deal of rough usage without suffering much detriment. But how unlike the trim little damsels of my native land! I desire above all things to be courteous."

Courteous. Of course. How can the drawing-room idol be anything but courteous? He simply sketches our young ladies truthfully. Indeed he says so:—

"Since the plain truth must be told, the

soil and climate of England produce feminine beauty as rarely as they do delicate fruit, and though admirable specimens of both are to be met with, they are the hothouse ameliorations of refined society, and apt, moreover, to relapse into the coarseness of the original stock. The men are manlike, but the women are not beautiful, though the female Bull be well enough adapted to the male."

"The female Bull." Cow would have been neater, and more entertaining, perhaps, to Broadway; but one would not mend after a master.

But our matrons. We rather, in our weakness, piqued ourselves upon our matrons, with what we've thought their handsome faces, ready smiles, cheerful kindness, and tongues that talk freely because the hearts are innocent. Thanks to our Lovelace-Adonis, we now know that we must abandon this superstition. Here is his sketch of the English married lady of middle age:—

"She has an awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy, like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow; so that (though struggling manfully against the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins. When she walks, her advance is elephantine. When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her. She imposes awe and respect by the muchness of her personality, to such a degree that you probably credit her with far greater

moral and intellectual force than she can fairly claim. Her visage is usually grim and stern, seldom positively forbidding, yet calmly terrible."

Calmly terrible. Is not this a momentary weakness, Nathaniel? Can any created woman be terrible to you? Away, eater of hearts. You don't fear any matron. You show it in your next passage:—

"You may meet this figure in the street and live, and even smile at the recollection. But conceive of her in a ball-room, with the bare, brawny arms that she invariably displays there, and all the other corresponding development, such as is beautiful in the maiden blossom, but a spectacle to howl at in such an overblown cabbage-rose as this."

Well painted, Nathaniel, with a touch worthy of Rubens, who was we think, your great uncle, or was it Milton, or Thersites, or somebody else, who, in accordance with American habit, was claimed as your ancestor. Never mind, you are strong enough in your own works to bear being supposed a descendant from a gorilla, were heraldry unkind. *Mr. Punch* makes you his best compliments on your smartness, and on the gracious elegance of your descriptions of those with whom you are known to have been so intimate, and he hopes that you will soon give the world a sequel to *Transformation*, in the form of an autobiography. For he is very partial to essays on the natural history of half-civilized animals.

An excellent and glossy wash for the walls of rooms is thus prepared: Mix oxide of zinc with common size, and apply it with a brush as ordinary whitewash of lime. After this, apply a wash in the same manner of the chloride of zinc, which will combine with the oxide, and form a smooth cement with a shining surface. Wall-paper after a time absorbs deleterious substances and becomes unhealthy.

TO REMOVE GREASE OR INK SPOTS FROM WHITE MARBLE.—Take one ounce of oxalic acid, dissolve it in a gill of water, and apply it with a clean rag or sponge, having first washed off the marble with soap and water. After the oxalic acid has been applied, and drawn out the grease, wash it off with clean water, etc.

In order to restore the polish of the marble—which will be impaired somewhat by the acid—take very fine whiting, and rub it over the spots touched.

MESSRS. NISBET AND Co. announce "Bp. Wilson's Journal," letters addressed to his family during the first nine years of his Indian episcopate, edited by his son; "Review of Ten Years' Missionary Labor in India, between 1852 and 1861," by Dr. Mullens; "The Rebellion in America," by Baptist Noel; and an authentic "Life of Stonewall Jackson," by Professor Dabney of Richmond, Virginia.

From The Spectator.

THE GOD OF EARTHQUAKES.

THE recent earthquake at Manilla had, like almost all earthquakes, a very striking religious aspect. There is no other natural phenomenon which strikes the masses of ignorant men as so exclusively supernatural. Mr. Buckle, as is well known, considered them one of the great sources of Spanish superstition and as snapping by their imaginative terrors the chain of civilization. Even the Greeks, by no means apt to take the characteristic attributes of their gods from the more terrible of earthly events, gave to their god of the ocean, Poseidon, the epithet of the Earthshaker; while the Jews, possessed by a truer inspiration, spoke of God as the root of all that was most fixed and enduring—the Rock of Ages who had made “the round earth so fast that it cannot be moved.” Elijah was expressly taught that “God was not in the earthquake,” and though the Psalmists frequently ascribe the tumbling of the earth and the failing foundations of the hills to His especial wrath, yet they never fail to conclude the picture of storm and chaos by one of peace and deliverance, and, like Elijah, see the earthquake passing away before the tranquil voice of divine promise. But this, as Mr. Buckle warns us, has not prevented the close association of the earthquake with divine power in the Christian ages. That there is something in this phenomenon which, more than any other, expresses with awful power the collapse and nothingness of human things is obvious enough. Even the lower animal creation perceive its approach, as some of them have been said to discern and quail before disembodied spirits, or at the approach of death. In the earthquake at Naples, in 1805, the sheep and goats rushed in dismay against their folds before any human being had felt a shock; the dogs howled, the horses became furious in their stalls, the cats’ hair bristled with terror, rabbits and moles rushed from their holes, the birds rose scared into the air, the fish crowded to the shore, the ants abandoned their ant-hills, the locusts crept through the streets towards the sea,—and all this before the danger became sensible to any observer. But even men become sensible of horror before they become sensible of danger. A gentleman of Copiapo wrote to Captain Basil Hall: “Before we hear the sound, or, at least, are fully conscious of hearing it, we are

made sensible, I do not know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; everything seems to change color; our thoughts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all nature looks different to what it was wont to do, and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power. Then comes the terrible sound, distinctly heard, and immediately the solid earth is all in motion, waving to and fro like the surface of the sea. Depend upon it, a severe earthquake is sufficient to shake the firmest mind.” And, no doubt, its phenomena are more apparently preternatural than those of any other human event. The ground assumes the appearance of running water,—indeed, *does* transmit tidal waves as distinctly as the ocean itself. Not only are valleys exalted, and hills made low, but nature appears to be working out on an awful and tragic scale the wonders of a pantomime. After the great earthquake of Quito in 1797, many whom the earthquake surprised in the town of Riobamba were found as corpses on the top of a hill separated by a river from the place, and several hundred feet higher than the site of the town. The place was shown to Humboldt where the whole furniture of one house was found buried beneath the ruins of *another*, and it could only be accounted for by supposing that it had sunk into the earth at one spot, and been disgorged at that other. In Calabria, 1783, whole estates were literally *shuffled*, so that, for example, a plantation of mulberry-trees was set down in the middle of a cornfield, and a field of lupines was removed into the middle of a vineyard. For several years after, lawsuits were actively carried on in the courts of Naples to reclaim landed property thus bodily conveyed, *without* legal forms, from one man to another. Who can wonder that people who thus see what Englishmen emphatically call *real* property flying like shadows before their eyes, prostrate themselves before the great Earthshaker in paroxysms of fear and superstition?

But it is not only superstition which these terrible phenomena contrive to elicit. If Catholic countries did not happen to have two or three specially holy days in every week, it would be rather curious that the most memorable earthquakes have so often surprised the crowds kneeling in their churches and cathedrals, so that the rocking earth has availed itself, as it were, of the picturesque piety of

the masses to bury them in hosts among the sacred ruins. The great Lisbon earthquake, in 1755, which buried or destroyed some sixty thousand persons in a few minutes, occurred on "All Saints' Day," a high festival among the Portuguese; and every altar was blazing with wax tapers, when the sun grew dim, and the Palace of the Inquisition fell in. The conflagration which succeeded the earthquake was thus directly due to the universal ritual illumination. The less fatal, but almost more scenic catastrophe, in Caraccas, the capital of Venezuela, on the 26th March, 1812, occurred on Holy Thursday. The priestly processions were just about to start, and "the crowds assembled in the churches were so numerous that between three and four thousand persons are said to have been crushed by the downfall of their vaulted roofs." And the effect upon the mind of the people was naturally enough that of a religious rather than of an earthly catastrophe: "People applied themselves to the exercise of those religious duties, which, in their opinion, were most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Many assembled, and passed through the streets in processions singing funeral hymns; others, thrown into a state of distraction by these calamities, confessed their sins aloud in the streets; numerous marriages were contracted between persons who for many years had neglected to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction; children found parents by whom they had not been acknowledged up to that time; restitutions were promised by persons who had never been accused of fraud or theft; families, which for many years had been estranged from one another by enmity and hatred, were drawn together by the tie of common suffering." And this summer in Manila, the fearful earthquake similarly found the population on its knees, on the eve of the *Fête de Dieu*. The prayers of thousands appeared to be answered by the sudden crashing of the masonry and collapse of the earth. "After dressing," says an eye-witness, who describes what he saw in *All the Year Round* of last week, "I walked slowly homeward, and, having to pass near the cathedral, I went in. Being the eve of the *Fête Dieu* I found it crowded with worshippers. Men and women of every hue of color were mingled with children whose fairer skins contrasted strongly with that of the elders, especially those whose parents were

Europeans. There is at all times a striking devoutness displayed in the churches, but this struck me especially on this evening, no doubt because of the solemnity of the occasion. How many were in the building I cannot say, but the number was very great, for though the cathedral was exceedingly large, I could not see a space large enough for a single additional person beyond a few feet from the door by which I entered. Some notion may be formed of the number present, from the fact that at this time there were not less than twenty-five priests officiating in different parts of the sacred edifice. The air was so bad that I did not remain more than two or three minutes, though the service had not long begun."

Not many minutes after, the same spectator returned to the spot where the cathedral had stood. Not a dozen people, he thinks, had escaped out of the building before it came crushing down upon the two or three thousand which its walls alone must have contained. The scene to which he was witness was one of no common order. "When I reached the ruins," he says, "men and women were already working at those parts where appearances indicated the possibility of most speedily reaching bodies. The largest group was collected round a chapel, a small portion of which was upheld by the peculiar way in which a beam had fallen. Women were sobbing, and men were listening anxiously at a small opening, where a window had formerly been. . . . Faint groans issued from it, and I could hear a voice—that of a girl, I thought, but it turned out to be one of the choristers*—asking piteously for help and deliverance. Then a low but deep bass voice, doubtless that of the priest who was officiating at the time of the calamity, uttered the well-known words, 'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors.' As these words came forth, those outside burst into a passion of tears, which was soon choked, in order that they might hear if the voice spoke again. There were some deep groans, apparently wrung from the speaker by intense pain, and then the same voice spoke in a calm and even tone, as though addressing a congregation, 'For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the

* He was dug out alive seven or eight hours afterwards.

archangel, and with the trump of God.' Silence followed for some minutes, and then a deep voice came forth which was so low that only I and a few others near the hole could hear it, 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit, and with the utterance of those words of faith and prayer the spirit must have left the tortured body, for not a sound was heard after this, except the piteous prayers of a child.' It is not easy to imagine a sublimer instance of the faith which, encountering in His own visible person the awful Earth-shaker and destroyer, can see in Him nothing but the Eternal Rock of stability and of peace. The voice comes in the earthquake, but the earthquake does but disguise to the priest's glazing eyes the still small voice which bids him rest from his labors. It reminds him only of that greater earthquake which rent in twain the veil of the Temple, when a deeper dismay was vanquished, and a greater work was finished.

There is something profoundly impressive about the manner in which this poor Spanish priest encountered the horror of such a situation. The kind of faith which great catastrophes are apt to *inspire* is something very different, indeed, from this priest's. For *that* is, as Mr. Buckle teaches, a poor, superstitious sort of thing, impeding civilization and paralyzing the human confidence which is the root of all industry and energy. But the religious use of great catastrophes is not to inspire

faith, but to call out and bring to light what is already inspired,—to shake not merely the earthly supports, but *all* the external scaffolding of the mind, and throw it back on its true nakedness or its true strength. There are, probably, crises for most men and all nations in which God appears somewhat as the God of earthquakes, shaking everything which is not at the very centre of their life to its foundations, and solving pretty decisively for them the problem whether they have anything to lean on or not. Are there many, even of our more "enlightened" faith, as we truly call it, who would be found firm on the living Rock when the earth seemed melting away beneath their feet, and every vestige of human aid and support, and graceful association, and emblematic promise had been scattered into ruins, and they could hear, through pain and the darkness and the suffocating air, nothing but groans of terror and cries for help? Was there any voice as tranquil raised to the crowd of miners who, for nearly a week, were dying in hope of succor in the Hartley Colliery? It is seldom that the God of earthquakes, when he has shattered all the artificial growths of association which we mistake for faith, finds at the kernel of the soul that spirit, one clear glimpse of which by other men turns the most destructive and negative of outward calamities into the most creative act of divine love.

MR. A. W. BENNETT will publish early in the approaching season a second volume of "Howitt's Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain and Ireland," illustrated with photographs—one of its chief features being Kenilworth Castle; a volume of Wordsworth's Poetical Descriptions of the scenery of the English Lake Country, also illustrated by photographs of the scenery described, a companion volume to Scott's "Lady of the Lake," published by him last year; and a new tale by Mary Howitt, entitled "Mrs. Rudd's Grandchildren," forming a fresh volume of "Howitt's Juvenile Series."

ALEXANDER SELKIRK's name is always associated with De Foe's noble creation of "Robinson Crusoe." We may therefore record that a Scotch

warehouseman of the name of Hutchinson, in Warwick Street, Regent Street, has recently come into possession of the two Selkirk relics, the cup and the chest. The former, which is made of cocoa-nut, rudely carved, was put upon a stalk and mounted with silver by Sir Walter Scott, and so almost loses its identity and interest; but the latter is a curiously dovetailed piece of ingenious workmanship by the "monarch of all he surveyed." These relics, up to the present time, have been in the possession of Selkirk's descendants in Largo, Fifeshire, where he was born.

WHAT IS A FOG? Professor Tyndall says it is a cloud resting upon the earth; and he defines, also, a cumulus "as the visible capital of an invisible column."

From The Spectator.

MR. HAWTHORNE ON ENGLAND.*

THERE are very few living men, except Mr. Hawthorne, who could write two volumes upon English places and things without making them intolerably dull. Even in this book, full of graceful sentiment and delicate fancy as it is, crowded with sentences the mere harmonious cadence of which makes them a pleasure almost apart from their meaning, and whose meaning has the fanciful kind of beauty which we see in the tinted clouds of sunset—even in the midst of Mr. Hawthorne's subtle and airy criticisms on English scenes, we waken up with a sensation of more vivid pleasure when he condescends to some of the many fair but pungent sarcasms on English manners with which he strows his half-dreamy and half-vigilant comments. It is like the pleasure of the prince in the "Arabian Nights," when he comes across a grain or two of cayenne in the subtle and delicate, but otherwise slightly monotonous, flavor of the cream tarts. Mr. Hawthorne's artistic eye probably recognizes the value of this vital element in his literary fancies, and without opportunity for its use would never have undertaken to produce two volumes on the old churches, cathedrals, quaint villages, and other—to his eye—grotesque inheritances to which the England of to-day is heir. For our own parts, instead of being inclined to take offence at his sparing use of sarcasm, we could have enjoyed a good deal more of its pleasant stimulus, being quite aware not only that many of his caustic touches are deserved, but that even when they are least so, they are but set-offs against English *prestige*, which the sensitive patriotism of the American obliges him to put down and make much of, in order to satisfy himself that his own branch of the English stock has surpassed the parent stem in life and beauty. We could wish Mr. Hawthorne had oftener indulged in these racy and pertinent reflections in which our own countrymen—with more or less humor, according to the individuality of the writer, but, rarely indeed, with so much good taste and self-restraint,—have so freely indulged in visiting America; and we should be ashamed, indeed, if Englishmen could not take in good part the sly laughter or, perhaps, now and then, bitter sarcasm which our com-

*"Our Old Home." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Two volumes. Smith and Elder.

fortable self-esteem, occasional dulness, and frequent superficial moroseness draw from him. We feel more inclined to quarrel with him on party-American than on English grounds. We certainly cannot think the better of his judgment that he still takes every possible pains to mark his admiration for the "statesmanship" of his friend, the late President Franklin Pierce. That that purblind instrument of the great Southern party had Southern statesmen at his back, amply justifying Mr. Hawthorne's significant eulogium on their administrative ability and implied sarcasms on the men now in power, that "God had not denied us an administration of statesmen *then*," we are well aware. But that, looking back at General Pierce's administration by the light of recent events, Mr. Hawthorne should feel anything but the bitterest shame at having pleaded the cause of one whose only political claim to the presidency was grounded on his servility to the champions and the cause of slavery, and, as we now know, of secession, it is not so easy to understand. However, Mr. Hawthorne's political ties are no affairs of ours. We allude to them only because he takes some pains in this book to prove that he still regards his electioneering little "Life of Franklin Pierce" without the shame and regret which, as a politician, we think he ought to indulge, and which even as a literary man he has no reason to repress.

Mr. Hawthorne has always had a very keen sense of the imaginative value of a long historical past, and what is, perhaps, the most curious part of the matter, of actual, visible monuments of such a past existing on the very scenes and in the face of the living present. We doubt if any nation can really be great all at once; it must have at least a vast deal more conscious power if it acts in the spirit of a glorious past, than if it can only extemporize anxiously and doubtfully the true national attitude of the moment. But why the Americans should not put in their claim to our common historical inheritance simply because they have abandoned to us the physical monuments of the past, and have transferred themselves to a new theatre of events, it is not so easy to see. The dramatic unities would seem to have a vital truth, after all, if a nation can so intimately feel that a complete change of scene breaks the continuity of its historic life.

Mr. Hawthorne, however, scarcely seems to admit this. In the very title of his book, and throughout its substance, he seems to divide the imaginative claim to a historic past somewhat unfairly between the two nations, leaving us all the weariness and stupidity of a burden of centuries, and claiming for his own countrymen all the refining influences of national memory, without any of the disagreeable dead weight of national responsibility. The "Old Home," is, in fact, to the American nation just what an ancestral hall is to the younger branch of a great family, which has gone forth thence to found its own fortunes in the world. They recall the stately deeds of the old stock with pride and pleasure, but throw off all the oppression of its meanness and its crimes. Their connection therewith is just slight enough to choose whatever they like from among the traditions to connect with their name, and to speak of what they do not like with a foreign air, as the unfortunate ancestral traditions of the elder branch. Thus, Mr. Hawthorne tells us, that the Englishman "likes to feel the weight of all the past upon his back; and, moreover, the antiquity that overburdens him has taken root in his being, and has grown to be rather a hump than a pack, so that there is no getting rid of it without tearing his whole structure to pieces. In my judgment, as he appears to be sufficiently comfortable under the mouldy accretion, he had better stumble on with it as long as he can. He presents a spectacle which is by no means without its charms for a disinterested and unencumbered observer." Surely, it is a little unfair to an American critic to speak of himself as the "unencumbered observer." If England has a large hump of tradition on her back, like the dromedary, America has two smaller ones, like the camel,—one "accreted" before the emigration, and one of transatlantic growth. Which is the least burdened by its load Mr. Hawthorne well knows. The dromedary is the fleet steed, which goes on swiftly with the pioneer, while the camel plods with the heavy goods behind.

With an "intuition" of the past so vivid as he shows everywhere in this book, we cannot allow Mr. Hawthorne to repudiate its responsibilities because he happens to have moved (like millions of stay-at-home Englishmen) out of the immediate scene of hoar antiquity into a more modern world. Indeed,

we doubt whether, in fact, the "burden of the past," as Mr. Hawthorne calls it, is near so keenly felt by those for whom the past still partially lives in the present, as by those whose *institutions* ignore, while their hearts and habits acknowledge it. With us the past, no doubt, partly obsolete, is, so far as it is alive at all, a part of the actual life of to-day, and, therefore, no more a burden to the imagination than any other part of our living organization. The burden is felt only when the past has impressed a *tendency* which the present is compelled to resist. When a plant which has been trained to climb against a tree or wall reaches its highest summit, casts out its new shoots into the unsupported air, and is obliged to creep downwards again towards the foot, no doubt, there is a "solution of continuity" which makes the previous habit of the plant a "burden" to it,—but when there is no break of this kind, and each stage of the organism may fairly be said to stand upon the previous stage, the past is no more a burden than the firm earth which lies beneath us. Mr. Hawthorne clearly recognizes in the American nation this unappeasable regret which alone renders the past anything but a support. It is a noble and graceful sentiment, but as a taunt it recoils upon himself.

The book has plenty of other good-humored sarcasms, of which it is, perhaps, less easy to extract the sting, but not at all difficult to bear it. The passage, already famous, on the English dowager with "awful ponderosity of frame, not pulpy like the looser development of our few fat women, but massive with solid beef and streaky tallow, so that (though struggling manfully with the idea) you inevitably think of her as made up of steaks and sirloins," is full of point and humor. What can be happier than the following?—"When she walks, her advance is elephantine. *When she sits down, it is on a great round space of her Maker's footstool, where she looks as if nothing could ever move her.*" Mr. Hawthorne evidently thinks that something like this was the allusion when the Psalmist reported the "round earth so fast that it cannot be moved," though the British dowager can scarcely have then been invented to glue the footstool down. Yet the American critic is not insensible to the brighter side of British beauty. "An English maiden in her

teens," he says, "though very seldom so pretty as our own damsels, possesses, to say the truth, a certain charm of half-blossom, and delicately folded leaves, and tender womanhood, shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment. It is a pity that the English violet should grow into such an outrageously developed peony as I have attempted to describe. I wonder whether a middle-aged husband ought to be considered as legally married to all the accretions that have overgrown the elenderness of his bride since he led her to the altar, and which make her so much more than he ever bargained for. Is it not a sounder view of the case that the matrimonial bond cannot be held to include the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed?" Mr. Hawthorne, as an artist, feels the retrograde nature of a living process which, instead of gradually setting free the statue from the block in which it is, according to the artistic theory, somewhere imprisoned, begins with the statue and ends with sealing it up in a block. Perhaps he may derive comfort as a man from Mrs. Browning's suggestion, that "youth, with its beauty and grace, would seem bestowed on us for some such reason as to make us partly endurable till we have time for really becoming so without their aid,—when they leave us." Many a face, "massive with solid beef and streaky tallow," which inevitably reminds you of "steaks and sirloins" will have a good hearty laugh over Mr. Hawthorne's description, where the violet-eyed maiden would resent the least imputation on her beauty. But if Mr. Hawthorne is mischievous on the British, he is not less amusing sometimes in hits at his own countrymen. His description of his own troubles at the Liverpool consulate, when deputations of Yankees would come simply to put him through his paces as their principal consul, choosing a chairman apparently outside his door, and then subjecting him to a stiff cross-examination from that worthy, who addressed him as "My consul," is exceedingly entertaining. But we must take to heart the parts intended for our improvement, and leave this admirable first chapter for discussion across the water.

Even Mr. Hawthorne's delicate humor and

amusing fancy become a little tame and listless in dwelling so long, as they do, on mere *things*, however old. Yet he has a sense of *things*, too, which few literary men can equal. It might have been said of him that—

"His shall be the breathing balm,
And his the silence and the calm,
Of mute insensate things;"

for he has a way of letting his fancy settle on them, and leisurely creep over them like an old moss, till it takes off their exact shape and influence. Here, for instance, is his notion of the effect produced upon him by the crumbling architectural beauties of the outside of Litchfield Cathedral:—

"Everywhere there were empty niches where statues had been thrown down, and here and there a statue still lingered in its niche; and over the chief entrance, and extending across the whole breadth of the building, was a row of angels, sainted personages, martyrs, and kings, sculptured in reddish stone. Being much corroded by the moist English atmosphere, during four or five hundred winters that they had stood there, these benign and majestic figures perversely put me in mind of the appearance of a sugar image, after a child has been holding it in his mouth. The venerable infant Time has evidently found them sweet morsels."

This kind of power of entering into the nature of places and things is a very marked one of Mr. Hawthorne's, so that we sometimes think he might produce quite as good "intuitions" concerning the mode of existence of inorganic nature as of our English past. It is the principal charm of this book which, except a very happy episode on Miss Laura Bacon, the Shaksperian philosopher, whose book Mr. Hawthorne could not read, but is very angry with us for not both reading and admiring, a fine chapter on Dr. Johnson's penance in Uttoxeter, the account of his consulate before referred to, and a very humorous description of our civic banquets, is so entirely occupied with localities as to be exceedingly dull in any one else's hands. He, however, has the art of half transforming himself into a sleepy place, keeping, however, just the slightest possible flavor of intellectual malice about him as he creeps about describing how slow it is, which invigorates and refreshes the imagination of the reader.

The lord mayor whom he has immortalized in his last chapter, when he coupled Mr. Hawthorne's name quite unexpectedly with a toast, with true civic address panegyricized the American consul's "literary and commercial attainments," a compliment of which Mr. Hawthorne very fairly makes good fun. But the lord mayor was not so far wrong. Few literary men ever possessed a more enviable faculty of making capital out of small events and putting it out to usury successfully,—which is, we suppose, a commercial faculty, though it is used in literature. For instance, the aforesaid incident gives Mr. Hawthorne a most happy occasion for a humorous, stately, and even dramatic fall of the curtain on these sketches. Let our readers judge for themselves:—

"As soon as the lord mayor began to speak, I rapped upon my mind, and it gave forth a hollow sound, being absolutely empty of appropriate ideas. I never thought of listening to the speech, because I knew it all beforehand in twenty repetitions from other lips, and was aware that it would not offer a single suggestive point. In this dilemma, I turned to one of my three friends, a gentleman whom I knew to possess an enviable flow of silver speech, and obtested him, by whatever he deemed holiest, to give me at least an available thought or two to start with, and, once afloat, I would trust to my guardian angel for enabling me to flounder ashore again. He advised me to begin with some remarks complimentary to the lord mayor, and expressive of the hereditary reverence in

which his office was held—at least my friend thought that there would be no harm in giving his lordship this little sugar-plum, whether quite the fact or no—was held by the descendants of the Puritan forefathers. Thence, if I liked, getting flexible with the oil of my own eloquence, I might easily slide off into the momentous subject of the relations between England and America, to which his lordship had made such weighty allusion. Seizing this handful of straw with a death-grip, and bidding my three friends bury me honorably, I got upon my legs to save both countries, or perish in the attempt. The tables roared and thundered at me, and suddenly were silent again. But, as I have never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity or peril, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still erect in so heroic an attitude."

And thus Mr. Hawthorne remains forever in our minds in the truly "statuesque" attitude which he denies to us poor Englishmen, facing Gog and Magog and the man in armor and the English nobility and the assembled aldermen and his treacherous enemy, the lord mayor himself, about to win one of the great triumphs of oratory, but withholding from us the secret of its glories. It is a striking attitude and a memorable scene, which will remain burned into our imagination almost as long as the Scarlet Letter which his genius has so effectually branded into it.

FROM a letter dated August 17th from President Lincoln to Mr. Hackett, the tragedian, we glean the President's critical opinion upon some of Shakspeare's plays. "Some of Shakspeare's plays," he writes, "I have never read; while others I have gone over perhaps as frequently as any professional reader. Among the latter are 'Lear,' 'Richard III.,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Hamlet,' and especially 'Macbeth.' I think none equals 'Macbeth.' It is wonderful. Unlike you gentlemen of the profession, I think the soliloquy in 'Hamlet' commencing, 'Oh, my offence is rank,' surpasses that commencing, 'To be or not to be.' But pardon this small attempt at criticism. I should like to hear you pronounce the opening speech of 'Richard III.'"

MESSRS. STRAHAN AND COMPANY are preparing for publication "Memoirs of the Life and Labors of Dr. Andrew Reed," by his sons; "Select Writings of Edward Irving" edited by his nephew, the Rev. G. Carlyle; and "A Sister's Bye-Hours," by Miss Jean Ingelow.

M. FELIX RIBEYRE, the editor of the *Constitutionnel*, has in press, "Histoire Politique, Militaire, et Pittoresque de la Guerre du Mexique," compiled from official documents. It will form a royal octavo volume of about three hundred pages, and will be illustrated, by way of frontispiece, with a steel engraving of the portrait of the present Emperor of the French.

From The National Anti-Slavery Standard.
THE REV. H. W. BEECHER AT MANCHESTER.

A MEETING was held on Friday, Oct. 9, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, according to announcement, "to welcome the Rev. H. W. Beecher, on his public appearance in this country." The hall was extremely crowded, and there were probably six thousand persons present. It was supposed, from the paper war of placards for the last fortnight, that the meeting might be disturbed by partisans of the Confederate States. Arrangements had, therefore, been made for the prompt suppression of disorder; and notices to that effect were posted about the room. The chair was taken at half-past six, by Mr. Francis Taylor. At the same time the entrance of Mr. Beecher, accompanied by Mr. Bazely, M.P., and some prominent members of the Union and Emancipation Society, was the signal for enthusiastic and repeated cheering. Padre Gavazzi was in one of the reserved seats below the platform. The first row was occupied by forty of the students of the Lancashire Independent College.

Mr. Greening having read an address to Mr. Beecher on behalf of the Union and Emancipation Society, the Rev. Mr. Beecher turned to the audience to speak, but for several minutes he was prevented by deafening cheers, followed by a few hisses, which only provoked a renewed outburst of applause.

Mr. Beecher then said, Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen: The address which you have kindly presented to me contains matters both personal and national (interruption). My friends, we will have a whole night session but we will be heard! (Loud cheers.) I have not come to England to be surprised that those men whose cause cannot bear the light are afraid of free speech (cheers). I have had practice of more than twenty-five years in the presence of mobs and riots, opposing those very men whose representatives now attempt to forestall free speech (hear). Little by little, I doubt not, I shall be permitted to speak to-night (hear). Little by little I have been permitted in my own country to speak, until at last the day has come there when nothing but the utterance of speech for freedom is popular (cheers). You have been pleased to speak of me as one connected with the great cause of progress in civil and religious liberty. I covet no higher honor than to have my name joined as one

among the list of that great company of noble Englishmen from whom we derived our doctrines of liberty (cheers). For although I understand there is some opposition to what are called American ideas, what are these American ideas? The seed-corn we got in England (hear); and if, on a larger sphere, and under circumstances of unobstruction, we have reared mightier sheaves, every sheaf contains the grain that has made old England rich for a hundred years (great cheering). I am also not a little gratified that my first appearance to speak on secular topics in England is in this goodly town of Manchester, for I had rather have praise from men who understand the quality praised, than from those who speak at hazard and with little acquaintance with the subject (hear). And where else, more than in these great central portions of England, have the doctrines of human rights been battled for, and where else, have there been gained for them nobler victories than here? (Cheers.) It is not indiscriminate praise therefore; you know what you talk about. You have had practice in these doctrines yourselves, and to be praised by those who are illustrious is praise indeed (cheers). Allusion has been made by one of the gentlemen—a cautionary allusion, a kind of deference evidently paid to some supposed feeling—an allusion has been made to words or deeds of mine that might be supposed to be offensive to Englishmen (hear). I cannot say how that may be. I am sure that I have never thought, in the midst of this mighty struggle, which has taxed every power and energy in our land ("Oh," and cheers)—I have never stopped to measure and to think whether my words spoken for truth and fidelity to duty would be liked in this shape or in that shape, by one or another person (cheers). I have had one simple, honest purpose, which I have pursued ever since I have been in public life, and that was with all the strength that God has given me to maintain the cause of the poor and of the weak in my own country (cheers). And if, in the height and heat of conflict some words have been over sharp, and some positions have been taken heedlessly, are you the men to call me to account? (Hear.) What if some exquisite French dancing-master standing on the edge of a battle, where some Richard Cœur de Leon swung his axe, and criticised him, by saying that it "violated the

propriety of the dancing-room in the midst of battle?" (Laughter.) When dandies fight they think how they look, but when men fight they think about what they are doing (cheers). But I am not here either on trial or on defence (hear, hear). I am very willing to tell you what I think about England, or anybody, but I am not willing to tell you what I think about myself (cheers). Let me say one word, however, in the beginning, in regard to this meeting, and the peculiar gratification which I feel in it. I have found—and God is my judge, and bears witness to the truth of what I say—I can return to my countrymen, and bear witness to the cordial kindness of Englishmen toward America (cheers). There has been serious doubt. The same agencies which have been at work to misrepresent good men in our country to you, have been at work to misrepresent to us good men here; and when I say to my friends in America that I have attended such a meeting as this, received such an address, and beheld such enthusiasm, it will be a renewed pledge of amity (cheers). I have never ceased to feel that war between two such great nationalities as these would be one of the most unpardonable and atrocious offences that the world ever beheld (cheers), and I have regarded everything, therefore, which needlessly led to this feeling, out of which war comes, as being in itself wicked (cheers). The same blood is in us (cheers). We are your children, or the children of your fathers and ancestors. You and we hold the same substantial doctrines (cheers, and cries of "Turn him out"). We have the same mission among the nations of the earth. Never were mother and daughter set forth to do so queenly a thing in the kingdom of God's glory as England and America (cheers). And if you ask why they are so sensitive, and why have we hewn England with our tongue as we have, I will tell you why. There is no man who can offend you so deeply as the one you love most (loud cheers). Men point to France and Napoleon, and say he has joined step by step in all England has done, and why are the press of America silent against France, and why do they speak as they do against England? It is because we love England (cheers). I have lived through a whole period and revolution of feeling. I remember very well in my boyhood the then recent war of 1812, before the embers kin-

dled in the Revolutionary War of Independence, an almost universal feeling against the Britishers as they were called, and I have seen that feeling little by little dying out; and, what with common commercial interests, with reciprocal blessings in civility and in religion, with multiplied interchanges of friendly visits, there has come to be a feeling in America most cordial and admiring of England. For when we searched our principles, they all ran back to rights in English history; when we looked at those institutions of which we were most proud, we beheld that the foundations of them, and the very foundation stones were taken from your history; when we looked for those men that had illustrated our own tongue, orators, or eloquent ministers of the gospel, they were English; we borrowed nothing from France, but here a fashion and there a gesture or a custom; but what we had to dignify humanity—that made life worth having—were all brought from Old England (cheers). And do you suppose that under such circumstances, with this growing love, with this growing pride, with this gladness to feel that we were being associated in the historic glory of England, because both you and we belong to a race—to the Anglo-Saxon race—do you suppose that it was with feelings of indifference that we beheld in our midst the heir-apparent to the British throne (cheers). There is not reigning on the globe a sovereign who commands our simple, unpretentious, and unaffected respect as your own beloved Queen in America (loud cheers). I have heard multitudes of men say that if there was nothing for the heir-apparent, and it was their great joy and their pleasure to pay respect to him that his mother might know that through him the compliment was meant for her (loud cheers). It was an unarranged and unexpected spontaneous and universal outbreak of popular enthusiasm; it began in the columns of Canada, the fire rolled across the border, all through New England, all through New York and Ohio, down through Pennsylvania and the adjacent States; nor was the element quenched until it came to Richmond. I said, and many said, The past of enmity and prejudice is now rolled away down below the horizon of memory, a new era is come, and we have set our hand and voices this week as a sacred seal to our cordial affection and co-operation with England (cheers). Now (whether we inter-

preted it aright or not is not the question) when we thought England was seeking opportunity of going with the South against us of the North, it hurt us as no other nation's conduct could hurt us on the face of the globe; and if we spoke some words of intemperate heat, we spoke them in the mortification of disappointed affection (cheers). It has been supposed that I have aforetime urged or threatened war with England. Never (cheers, followed by a few groans, in reference to which the speaker remarked, "I have spoken on the prairies where buffaloes bellowed before." The observation provoked loud laughter). This I have said—and this I repeat, now and here—that the cause of constitutional government and of universal liberty as associated with it in our country was so dear, so sacred, that rather than betray it we would give the last child we had—that we would not relinquish this conflict though other States rose and entered into a league with the South—and that, if it were necessary, we could maintain this great doctrine of representative government in America against the armed world—against England and France (great cheering, followed by some disturbance, in reference to which the Chairman rose and cautioned an individual under the gallery whom he had observed persisting in interruption).

Let me be permitted to say, then, that it seems to me the darker days, in so far as embroilment between this country and America is concerned, are past (cheers). The speech of Earl Russell (renewed cheering) will go far toward satisfying our people. Understand me: we shall not accept his views of the past, and the doctrines which he has propounded (cheers). But the statement of the present attitude of the Government of Great Britain, and its intentions for the future, coupled with the detention of those armed ships of war—that will take away the sting from the minds of our people (hear, hear). And although we differ with you in respect to the great doctrine of belligerency, the time is past to discuss that, except as a question of history and civil war. We have drifted so far away from the period in which it was of any use to discuss that, and the circumstances of the war, and your circumstances have so far changed that now we can no longer stop to discuss whether it was or was not right for Great Britain to as-

sume this position she had assumed. She has for years acted upon it and will not change it; and now all that we can ask is—let there be a thorough neutrality (loud cheers). I believe there shall be one (resumed cheers). If you do not send us a man, we do not ask for a man. If you do not send us another pound of powder, we are able to make our own powder (laughter). If you do not send us another musket nor another cannon, we have cannon that will carry five miles already (laughter). We do not ask for material help. We shall be grateful for moral sympathy (cheers), but if you cannot give us moral sympathy we shall still endeavor to do without it. But all that we say is, let France keep away, let England keep hands off; if we cannot manage this rebellion by ourselves, then it sha'n't be managed at all (cheers). The question of war, under the circumstances in which war is now carried on in our country, is simply a question of time (cheers). The population is with the North. The wealth is with the North (cheers). The education is with the North (cheers). The right doctrines of civil government are with the North (cheers, and a voice,—“Where's the justice?”). It will not be long before one thing more will be with the North—victory (loud and enthusiastic rounds of cheers). Men on this side are impatient at the long delay; but if we can bear it, can't you? (Laughter.) You are quite at ease (“not yet”); we are not. You are not materially affected in any such degree as many parts of our own land are now (cheers). But if the day shall come in one year, in two years, in ten years hence, when the old stars and stripes shall float over every State of America (loud cheers, and some disturbance from one or two)—oh, let him (the chief disturber) have a chance (laughter). We will take a turn about; I will say the sentences, and you shall make the responses (laughter). I am a Congregationalist, but I can make a very good Episcopal minister too (loud laughter). I was saying, when interrupted by that sound from the other side of the house, that, if the day shall come, in one or five or ten years, in which the old honored and historic banner shall float again over every State of the South; if the day shall come when that which was the accursed cause of this dire and atrocious war—slavery—shall be done away (cheers)—if the day shall have

come when through all the Gulf States there shall be liberty of speech, as there never has been (cheers); if the day shall come when there shall be liberty of the press, as there never has been; if the day shall come when men shall have common schools to send their children to, which they never have had in the South; if the day shall come when the land shall not be parcelled in gigantic plantations, in the hands of a few rich oligarchs (loud cheers), but shall be parcelled out to honest farmers, every man owning his little (renewed cheers); in short, if the day shall come when the simple ordinances, the fruition and privileges of civil liberty, shall prevail in every part of the United States, it will be worth all the dreadful blood and tears and woe (loud cheers). You are impatient; and yet God dwelleth in eternity, and has an infinite leisure to roll forward the affairs of men, not to suit the hot impatience of those who are but children of a day, and cannot wait or linger for long, but according to the infinite circle on which he measures time and events. He expedites or retards as it pleases him; and if he heard our cries or prayers, not thrice would the months revolve but peace would come. But the strong crying and prayers of millions have not brought peace, but only thickening war. We accept the providence; the duty is plain (cheers and interruption). I repeat the duty is plain (cheers). So rooted is this English people in the faith of liberty, that it were an utterly hopeless task for any minion or sympathizer of the South to sway the popular sympathy of England if this English people believed that there was none other than a conflict between Liberty and Slavery. It is just that (loud cheers). I am here, to be sure, in some points to cite history, but for the most part I stand a witness to testify what I have seen of things with which I have intimately mingled, which have been common to me since my boyhood—things which I do know, and which history will establish beyond all peradventure or controversy. But let me go back a little before my time, for I am not yet a hundred years old (laughter). Slavery was introduced into our country at a time, and in a manner, when England nor America knew well what were the results of that atrocious system. It was ignorantly received and propagated on our side; little by little it spread through all the thirteen States that

then were, for slavery in the beginning was in New England, such as it now is in the Southern States. But when the great struggle of our Revolution came on, the study of the doctrines of human rights had made such progress that the whole public mind began to think it was wrong to wage war to defend our rights while we were holding men in slavery, depriving them of theirs. It is an historical fact, that all the great and renowned men that flourished at the period of our Revolution were abolitionists. Washington was; so was Benjamin Franklin; so was Thomas Jefferson; so was James Monroe; so were the principal Virginian and Southern statesmen, and the first abolition society ever founded in America was founded, not in the North, but in the Middle and a portion of the Southern States (cheers). After the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of our Constitution, slavery began to cease. It never had been a very abundant institution in New England, because the habits of the people and their conscientious convictions did not make them great friends of slavery. It has been said they sold their slaves, and preached a cheap emancipation to the South. Slavery ceased in this wise in Massachusetts. Suit was brought for the services of a slave, and the chief justice declared the declaration of the equality of all men and their right to life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness was equivalent to the Bill of Emancipation, and he refused to render back that slave's services. At a later period New York brought an Emancipation Act. It has been said that she sold her slaves. No slander was ever greater. The most careful provision was made. No man travelling out of the State of New York after the passing of the Emancipation Act was permitted to have any slave with him, unless he gave bonds for his re-appearance with him. As a matter of fact the slaves were emancipated without compensation on the spot, to take effect gradually, class by class. But after a trial of half a score of years the people found this gradual emancipation was intolerable (hear, hear). It is like gradual imputation. They therefore met together, and by another act of legislation they declared immediate emancipation (hear), and that took effect; and so slavery perished in the State of New York (cheers). Substantially so it was in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania; substantially

so it may be said, in respect to the Northern States, that there never was an example of nations that emancipated slaves so purely from moral conviction of the wrong of slavery. I know that it is said that Northern capital and Northern ships were employed in the slave trade. To an extent it was so. But is there any community that lives in which there are not miscreants who violate the public feeling? (Cheers.) Then and since, the man who dared to use his capital and his ships in this infamous traffic hid himself, and did by agents what he was ashamed to be known to have done himself (hear). No man in the North who had part or lot in this infamous traffic in slaves, but would have been branded with the mark of Cain (cheers). It is true that New York port has been employed in this infernal traffic, but it was because it was unfortunately under the influence either of that Democratic party that is in alliance with the Southern slavery (hear, hear)—or because it was under the dark political control of the South itself. For when the South could appoint our marshals, when the South appointed through the Administration the Secretaries of the Treasury and the officers of the custom houses in all parts of the country; when everything by the political machinery of the South was favoring slavery, it could not but be that there should be the running of the gauntlet in our ports, and that the slave trade should be carried on; but it was by the immense majority of the people abhorred, and the men who did it were detested (cheers). There was one Judas; is Christianity therefore a hoax? (Hear.) There are hissing men in this audience; are you not respectable? (Cheers and laughter.) The folly of the few is that light which God casts to irradiate the wisdom of the many (hear). But when the Constitution itself was formed there was such a feeling opposed to slavery that you are familiar with the fact that Mr. Madison and Mr. Randolph refused to permit the word "servitude" to go into that document, and on this express ground, that the time would come when slavery was to end, and that they would not have the memorial of such a disgrace remaining in the great charter of our liberties (cheers). So the word was changed from "servitude" to "service" (hear). And let me say one word here about the Constitution of America. It recognizes slavery as a fact, but it does not

recognize the doctrine of slavery in any way whatever; it was a fact; it lay before the ship of state as a rock lies in the channel of the ship as she goes into harbor; and because a ship steers round a rock, does it follow that that rock is in the ship? (Hear, and laughter.) And because the Constitution of the United States made some circuits to steer round that great fact, does it follow that therefore slavery is recognized in the Constitution as a right or system? (No.) See how carefully that immortal document worded itself. In the slave laws the slave is declared to be—what? Expressly, and by the most repetitious phraseology, he is denuded of all the attributes and characteristics of manhood, and is pronounced a "chattel" (shame). Now, you have just that same word with the *h* left out—"cattle" (hear, hear). And the difference between cattle and chattel is the difference between quadruped and biped (laughter). So far as animate property is concerned, and so far as inanimate property is concerned, it is just the difference between locomotive property and stationary property (hear, hear). Now all the Slave States stand on the radical principle that a slave is not, for purposes of law, any longer to be ranked in the category of human beings, but that he is a piece of property, and to be treated to all intents and purposes as a piece of property; and the law did not blush, nor do the judges blush now-a-days who interpret that law (hear). But how is it that the Constitution of the United States, when it begins to speak of these very same slaves, names them? Does it call them "slaves"? Does it speak of them as in "servitude"? It lifts itself up as if consciously inspired with the grandeur of the thought and dignity of man, and says "Persons held to service" (hear and cheers). Go to South Carolina, and ask what she calls slaves, and it says "things;" and the old Capitol at Washington sullenly reverberates, "No persons"! (Cheers.) Go to South Carolina, and her fundamental article says she looks upon slaves as "things;" and again the Constitution echoes, "No persons" (hear). Go to the charter of Louisiana with their Constitution, or to the South-Western Slave States, and still that doctrine of devils is enunciated—it is "chattel" it is "thing." Looking upon those for whom Christ felt mortal anguish in Gethsemane, and stretched

himself in death on Calvary, their laws call them still "things," and "chattels;" and still in suppressed tones of thunder the Constitution of the United States says "persons" (cheers). What was it, then, when the country had advanced so far toward universal emancipation in the period of our national formation that stopped this onward tide? Two things, commercial and political. First, the wonderful demand for cotton throughout the world, coupled with the facility of producing it, arising from the invention of the cotton gin—that introduced a new element of value. Slaves that before had been worth from three hundred to four hundred dollars began to be worth five hundred dollars. That knocked away one-third of our adherence to the moral law. Then afterward they became worth seven hundred dollars, and half the law went (cheers and laughter)—then eight hundred or nine hundred dollars, and then there was no such thing as moral law (cheers and laughter); then one thousand or twelve hundred dollars, and slavery became one of the beatitudes on the mount (cheers and laughter). When Moses wrote his laws delivered by the Highest, he wrote them on tables of stone; but when the Devil, through his minion, wrote his laws, he wrote them on silver (cheers and loud laughter). Their pocket is their Mount Sinai (cheers and laughter); they are the lineal descendants of those men who before worshipped the golden calf (cheers). The other cause which prevented the progress of emancipation that had already so auspiciously begun was the political cause. The policy of America has been shaped by the essential spirit of slaveholding Southerners. All the aggression, the filibuster; all the threats to England and the tauntings of Europe, and all the belligerence our Government has assumed, have been under the inspiration and under the almost monarchical sway of the Southern oligarchy (loud cheering). And now, since Britain has been snubbed by the Southerners, and threatened by the Southerners, and domineered over by the Southerners ("No!"), yet now Great Britain has thrown her arms of love around the Southerners and turns from the Northerners ("No!") She don't? (Cheers). I have only to say that she has been caught in very suspicious circumstances (laughter). But I have said it, perhaps as much as anything else, for this very sake—to bring out

from you this expression—to let you know what we know, that all the hostility felt in my country toward Great Britain has been sudden, and I want you to say to me, and through me to my countrymen, that those irritations against the North, and those likings for the South, that have been expressed in your papers, are not the feelings of the great mass of your nation (great cheering, the audience rising).

Those cheers already sound in my ears as the coming acclamations of friendly nations—those waving handkerchiefs are the white banners that symbolize peace for all countries (cheers). Join with us, then, Britons (cheers). From you we learned the doctrine of what a man was worth; from you we learned to detest all oppressions; from you we learned that it was the noblest thing a man could do to die for a principle [cheers]. And now, when we are set in that very course, and are giving our best blood for principle, let the world understand that when America strikes for the liberty of the slave and of the common people, Great Britain indorses her (cheers). And now I come to the period in which I myself became an actor (loud cheers). From that time to this time there has been no important movement on the subject of public affairs in the connection of slavery, that I have not either had a part in it, or been a most interested and intimate observer of it, and I shall tell you, not what I believe, but what I know (hear, hear). It was extremely difficult to get the voice of the public. Those that first attempted it were made well-nigh martyrs. I remember full well when Burness Prest was mobbed in Cincinnati, and dragged into the Ohio, for no other reason than for anti-slavery sentiments. I remember the early martyrdoms, and for two years, with my pockets filled with pistols—to the horror, I suppose, of those peace-loving slavery men,—I patrolled the streets, made a special constable for the defence of these poor creatures' houses. I suppose it was very naughty to meddle with fire-arms; but then I was not a minister; then I was only a student for the ministry, and I did not fire the pistols off once. Mr. Weld, Mr. Garrison, Allan Stewart—now gone—and a multitude of men whom I ought to have prepared myself to mention, that I might not, in mentioning the few, seem to neglect the many, these were the pioneers. You have been

pleased to say in this address that I have been one of those pioneers. I unloosed the shoe-latchets of the pioneers, and that is all. I was but little more than a boy, and I bear witness that the hardest blows and the most cruel sufferings were endured by men before I was thrust far enough into public life to take any particular share, and I do not consider myself entitled to rank among the pioneers. They were better men than I. Those noble men did resist this downward tendency of the North. They were rejected by society. To be called an Abolitionist excluded a man from respectable society in those days. To be called an Abolitionist blighted any man's prospects in political life in those days. To be called an Abolitionist marked a man's store—his very customers avoided him as if he had the plague. To be called an Abolitionist in those days shut up the doors of confidence from him in the Church, and he was regarded as a disturber of the peace. Nevertheless, they maintained their testimony (loud cheers). Little by little they gained the conscience—they gained the understanding. And as, when old Luther spoke, thundering in the ears of Europe the long-buried treasures of the Bible, there were hosts against him, and the elect few, nevertheless, gathered little by little themselves. Many Luthers thundered God's truth of human liberty, and they were followed more and more for half a score of years, until they began to be numerous enough to be an influential party in the State elections (cheers). In 1848, I think it was, when that Buffalo platform was laid, it was the first endeavor in the Northern States to form a platform that should carry rebuke to the slaveholding ideas in the North. Before this, however, there was help given us from the South; and I can say that, under God, the South have done more to bring on this work of emancipation than the North itself (hear, hear). First they began to declare, after the days of Mr. Calhoun, that they accepted slavery no more as a misfortune, but as a divine blessing. Mr. Calhoun advanced the doctrine which is now the marrow of secession, that it was the duty of Government, not merely to protect States from interference, but that it was the duty of the general Government to make slavery equal with liberty (cheers). These monstrous doctrines began to be the development of future ambitions. The South, having the control of government,

knew from the inherent weakness of their system that if it were confined it was as a huge flock of herds pasturing on small pastures, that soon gnaws the grass to the roots, and must have other pasture or it dies (cheers). Slavery is of such a nature that if you do not give it continual change of feeding-ground it must die (renewed cheering). And then came one after another the assertions of the South of rights never dreamed of. From them came the Mexican war for territory; from them came Texas and its entrance as a Slave State; from them came that organized rowdyism in Congress that brow-beat every Northern man who had not sworn fealty to slavery; that filled all the courts of Europe with ministers holding slave doctrines; that gave the majority of the seats on the Bench to slave-owning judges; and that gave, in fact, all our chief offices of trust to either slave-owners, or to men who licked the feet of slaveholding men (loud cheers). Then came that ever-memorable period, when, for the very purpose of humbling the North, and making her drink the bitter cup of humiliation, and making them understand that the North was inferior and the South their natural lords, was passed the Fugitive Slave Bill (loud hissing). There was no need of that. There was already existing just as good an instrument for so infernal a purpose as any fiend could have wished. Against the infamy my soul revolted, and these lips protested, and I defied to its face the Government, and told them, "I will have none of your unrighteous laws; send to me that fugitive who is fleeing from his master, and I will step between him and his pursuer" (loud and prolonged cheers). Not once, nor twice, have my doors shut between oppression and the oppressed; and the church itself, over which I minister, has been the unknown refuge of many and many a one (cheers). But whom the devil promises he cheats (laughter). That peace, that was the thirty pieces of silver paid for the Christ of man, turned into the fire and burned the hands that took it. For how long was it after this promised peace that the Missouri Compromise was abolished in an infamous disregard of holy compacts (loud cheers). It never ought to have been made; but, having been made, it ought never to have been broken by the South (cheers). And with no other pretence than the robber's pretence that might makes right, they did

destroy it, that they might carry slavery far North. That was what was needed to arouse the long-reluctant patriotism of the North (cheers). By the abolition of this compromise, another Slave State was immediately to have been brought into the Union to balance the ever-growing free Territories of the North-West. Then it was that there arose a majesty that had no record thus far, and has had no parallel, and, instead of merely protesting, young men and maidens, laboring men, farmers and mechanics, all of them sped with a sacred desire to rescue free territory from the toils of slavery, and emigrated in hundreds and in thousands, that when this territory should come in to vote, it should vote as a free State (loud cheers). A more infamous and atrocious system of cheating never was practised than by which the South sought by perjury, by intimidation, by the prostituted use of the United States army, to force a vile system upon these unwilling men who had voted almost unanimously for liberty and against slavery in that State (hear). But at last the day of utter darkness had passed, and the gray twilight was on the morning of the horizon. At last, for the first time, I believe, in the whole conflict between the South and the North, the victory went to the North, and Kansas became a free State (cheers). Kansas became an impulse that was given to popular feeling, and in 1856 Mr. Fremont was nominated for the Presidency. He came so near to being elected that, but for an enormous cheating in the polls in Pennsylvania he would have been elected; but, instead of Mr. Fremont, Mr. Buchanan was returned (hisses). We aimed at an eagle and hit a buzzard (laughter). Now I call you to witness that, in a period of twenty-five or thirty years of constant conflicts with the South, at every single step they gained the advantage, with the single exception of Kansas. What was the conduct of the North? Did they threaten secession? (No.) Did they threaten violence? (No.) So sure were they of the ultimate triumph of that which was right, provided free speech was left to combat error and wrong, that they patiently bided their time. By this time the North was cured of its love of or indifference to slavery. By this time a new conscience had been formed in the North, and a vast majority of all the Northern men at this time stood fair and square on the doctrine of anti-slavery (cheers). It went

through all the quicksands of that infamous demonstration of four years, in which senators, sworn by the Constitution, were plotting machinations to destroy the Government, in which the members of the Cabinet who drew their pay month by month, used their time and their official position to steal arms, to prepare fortifications, to make ready, and in which the most astounding spectacle that the world ever saw was witnessed—our great people paying men to sit in the places of power and office to betray them (hear, hear).

During all those four years what did we? We protested and waited, and said: "God shall give us the victory, for it is God's truth that we wield and God's truth we promote, and with God, in his own good time, shall be the giving of the victory" (great cheering). In all this time we never made an inroad on the rights of the South (cheers). We never asked for retaliatory law. We never taxed their commerce, or touched it with our little finger. We envied them none of their manufactures; but sought to promote them. We did not attempt to abate, by one ounce, their material prosperity; we longed for their prosperity (cheers). Slavery we always hated; the Southern men never (cheers). They were wrong. And in our conflicts with them we have felt as all men in conflict feel. We were jealous, and so were they. We were in the right cause; they in wrong (cheers). We never envied them their territory; and it was in the heart, and it was the faith of the whole North, that, in seeking for the abatement of slavery, and its final abolition, we were conferring upon the South the greatest boon which one nation, or part of a nation, could confer upon another. That she was to come down, and pass through the valley of humiliation during the progress of her institutions till she passed from forced labor to free labor I have no doubt; but it was not in our heart to humble her, but rather to help and sympathize with her. I defy time and history to point to a more honorable conduct than that of the free North toward the South during all these days. In 1860, Mr. Lincoln was elected (cheers). I ask you to take notice of the conduct of the two sides at this point. For thirty years we had been experiencing sectional defeats at the hands of the Southerners. For thirty years and more we had seen our sons proscribed, because loyal to liberty, or worse than proscribed—suborned and

made subservient to slavery (cheers). We had seen our judges corrupt, our ministers apostate, our merchants running headlong after gold against principle; but we maintained our fealty to the law and Constitution, and had faith in victory by legitimate means. But when, by the means pointed out by the Constitution, and sanctioned by the usage of three-quarters of a century, Mr. Lincoln, in a fair, open field, was elected President of the United States, did the South submit? (Cries of "No," and cheers.) No offence had been committed—none threatened; but the arrogation was that the election of a man known to be pledged against the extension of slavery was not compatible with the safety of slavery in the South, and on that ground they took steps for secession. Every honest mode to prevent it, all patience on the part of the North, all pusillanimity on the part of Mr. Buchanan. While he still sat, before his successor came into office, he left nothing undone to make matters worse, did nothing to make things better. The North was patient then, the South impatient. Then came the steps. The question was put to the South, and with the exception of South Carolina, every State in the South gave a popular vote against secession; and yet, such was the jugglery of political leaders, before a few months had passed they had precipitated every State into secession. That could never have been where there were common people. The South has common herds of people, the North had herds of what Lord Brougham lamentably termed mobs. Lord Brougham, upon whose plenitude of days the light of God shone so gloriously, is bringing his failing days to scandalize the intelligent people of the North by calling them mobs (cheers and counter cheers). I call you to take notice that the people of the South thought that the government of the States could not be administered by an honest man without prejudice to slavery. It could not. The government of the United States is such that, if it be administered equitably, still in the long run it would destroy slavery, and it was the prospect of this that led the South to make precipitate secession (cheers). Now, against all these facts it is attempted to make England believe that slavery has had nothing to do with this war (laughter). You might as well have attempted to persuade Noah that the clouds had nothing to do with the flood; perhaps

some man will attempt to persuade you that the palm-trees and orange-trees will grow at the North Pole; perhaps some one will persuade you next that there is no sand in the Great Desert. It is the most monstrous absurdity ever born in the womb of folly (cheers). Nothing to do with slavery! It had to do with nothing else (cheers). Slavery was the mother of Rebellion (cheers). The father of it was—oh, no, we never mention him (much laughter). Against this withering fact—against this damning allegation—what is their escape? The attempt is to say—the North is just as bad as the South (laughter). Now we are coming to the marrow of it (cheers). If the North is as bad as the South, why did not the South find it out before you did? If the North has been in favor of oppressing the black man, and just as much in favor of slavery as the South, how is it that the South has gone to war against the North because of their belief to the contrary? (A Voice—"Slavery does not pay in the North.") Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a published report of the speech of the amiable, intelligent, and credulous President, I believe, of the Society for Southern Independence (laughter). I have some curiosities in it (laughter). That you may know that Southerners are not all dead yet, I will read a paragraph:—

"The South has labored hitherto under the imputation, and it had constantly been thrown in the teeth of all who supported that struggling nation, that they by their proceedings were tending to support the existence of slavery. This was an impression which he thought they ought carefully to endeavor to remove (cheers and laughter), because it was one which was injurious to their cause (cheers)—not only among those who had the feeling of all Englishmen—of a horror of slavery—but, also, because strong religious bodies in this country made a point of it, and felt it very strongly indeed" (cheers).

I never like to speak behind a man's back—I like to speak right to men's faces what I have to say—and I could wish higher felicity than that which has been accorded to me to-night might have been given—to have had Lord Wharnccliffe present, that I might address to him a few simple and artless Christian inquiries (cheers). For there can be no question that there is a strong impression that the South has had something to do with slavery (cheers). Indeed, on our side of the

water there are many persons that affirm it (laughter and cheers). And, as his lordship thinks that it is the peculiar duty of this now agglomerated and agglutinated association for Southern independence to do away with that impression, I beg to submit to them that, in the first place they ought to do away with four million slaves in the South; for I, for my own part, cannot say but that I think there are uncharitable men enough living in this world to think that a nation that has four million slaves in it has a good deal to do with supporting slavery (cheers). And when he has done that, it might perhaps be pertinent to suggest to his lordship that there should be a little something done to the Montgomery Constitution of the South, which is changed from the old Federal Constitution in only one or two points, the most essential of which is that it introduces and legalizes slavery, and makes it unconstitutional ever to do it away; and they are under that Constitution. Now, I submit that that wants scrubbing a little (cheers). Then I would also respectfully lay it at his lordship's feet—more beautifully embossed, if I could, than this address to me is—the speech of Vice-President Stephens (hear, hear)—in which he declares that all nations have been mistaken, and that the subjugation of an inferior race is the only proper way to maintain the liberty of a superior; in which he teaches cavalry a new lesson—in which he gives the lie into the face of the Saviour himself, who came to teach us that by as much as a man was stronger than another, he owed himself to that other (loud cheers). Not alone are Christ's blood-drops our salvation, but these word-drops of sacred truth which cleanse the heart and conscience by the expression of precious truths and principles, themselves are our salvation as well as the atoning blood: and if there be in the truths of Christ one more eminent than another, it is "He that would be chief, let him be the servant of all." But this audacious hierarch of infidelity, Mr. Stephens, in the face of God, and before mankind, in this day of universal Christianity, declares that the way for a nation to have manhood is to crush out the liberty of an inferior and weaker race. And he declares ostentatiously and boastingly that the foundation of the Southern republic is on that corner-stone (loud cheers, "No, no," and renewed cheers). I beg leave, when next Lord Wharnccliffe

speaks for the edification of this delighted English people (laughter)—I beg leave to submit that this speech of Mr. Stephens requires a little scouring (applause). And then, if all the other allegations and evidences that the South are upholding slavery are to be the peculiar work of the Southern Independence Association, not Hercules in his palmy days had such work and wages before him as they have got (loud cheers). We sha'n't be troubled with them. They will be knee-deep and elbow-deep in their business of scrubbing and scouring, and Lord Wharnccliffe may bid farewell to the sweets of domestic leisure and to the pursuits of the interests of state, and all its amusements hereafter will be scrubbing and scouring (loud cheers). But there is another precious paragraph that I will read:

"He believed that the strongest supporters of slavery were the merchants of New York and Boston. He always understood, and had never seen the statement contradicted, that the whole of the ships fitted out for the transport of slaves from Africa to Cuba were owned by Northerners" (loud laughter).

His lordship, if he will do me the honor to read my speech, shall hear it contradicted in the most explicit terms. There have been enough Northern ships engaged, but not by any means all, nor the most. Baltimore has a pre-eminence in that matter; Charleston and New Orleans and Mobile, all of them. And those ships fitted out in New York were just as much despised and loathed and hissed by the honorable merchants of that great metropolis, as if they had put up the black flag of piracy (loud cheers). Does it conduce to good feeling between two nations to make such atrocious slanders as these? His lordship goes on to say:—

"That in the Northern States the slave was placed in even a worse position than he was in the South. He spoke from experience, having visited the country twice."

I am most surprised, and yet gratified, to learn that Lord Wharnccliffe speaks of the suffering of the slave from experience (laughter and cheers). I never was aware that he had been put in that unhappy situation. Has he toiled on the sugar plantation? Has he taken the night for his friend, avoiding the day? Has he sped through canebrakes, hunted by hounds, suffering hunger and heat and cold by turns, until he has made his way to the far Northern States? (Cheers.) Has

he had this experience? The grammar is good. It is the word experience I call attention to. If his lordship says that it is his observation, I will accept the correction. I continue:—

“In railway carriages and hotels, the negroes were treated as pariahs and outcasts, and never looked upon as men and brothers, but rather as dogs” (cheers).

In all railway cars where Southerners travel, in all hotels where Southerners' money was the chief support, this is true. But allow me to say frankly that there has been some occasion for such a statement, and there has been a prejudice in the North against the negro. I speak this the more because it has been a part of my duty any time these last sixteen years to protest against it, and a well-dressed and well-behaved colored man has never had molestation or question on entering my church, and taking any seat he pleases in the whole house, not because I had influence with my people to prevent it, but because God gave me a people whose own good sense and consciences led them to do it of their own accord. But from this vantage ground it has been my duty to mark out the unrighteous prejudice of which the colored people have suffered in the North, and it is a part of the great moral revolution which is going on, that the prejudices have been in a great measure vanquished, and are now well-nigh trodden down. In the city of New York there is one street railroad where colored people cannot ride, but in the others they may, and in all the railroads of New England there is not one railroad in which a colored man would be questioned if he rides there. I believe that the colored men may start from the line of the British dominions from the North, and traverse all New England and New York till he touches the waters of the Western Lakes and never be molested or questioned, passing on as any decent white man would pass. But let me ask you how came there to be these prejudices? They did not exist before the War of Independence. How did it grow up? It grew up as one of the accursed offshoots of slavery. Where you make a race odious by oppression, all that belong to that race will participate in that odium, whether they be free or slave. And the South have maintained that institution which has made the African a prejudiced man even in the North. How next did that prejudice come to exist? It

was on account of the multitude of Irishmen that came to the States (cheers and interruption). I declare my admiration for many of these people who have illustrated the page of history in every department. It is part of the fruit of ignorance, and, as they allege, the oppression that they have suffered, that it has made them oppressors. I bear witness that there is no class of people in America who are so bitter against the colored people, and so eager for slavery, as the ignorant, the poor, uninstructed Irishmen (“Oh,” and “Hear,” and “Three cheers for old Ireland”). But although there have been wrongs done to them in the North, the condition of the free colored people in the North is unspeakably better than in the South. They own their wives and children (hear, hear). They have the right to select their place and their kind of labor; their rights of property are protected just as ours are. The right of education is accorded to them (hear, hear). There is in the city of New York more than ten million dollars of property owned by free colored people (hear). They have their own schools; they have their own churches, their own orators; and there is no more gifted man, and no man whose superb eloquence more deserves to be listened to than Frederick Douglass (loud cheers); and if you think that he has too much white blood, then there is Samuel Ward, who is black as black can be; and if you can find any man in the South who is superior to him in sense, in logic, and in eloquence, you will find a man who has never yet appeared in any of their councils. I say, still further than that, that since the breaking out of this war, the good conduct of the slaves at the South, and the good conduct of the free colored people at the North, has gone far to increase the kind feeling of the whites towards them; and since they have begun to fight for their rights of manhood, there is beginning to be the elements of a popular enthusiasm for them (loud cheers). I will venture to say that there is no place on the earth where so many colored men stand in a position so auspicious for the future as the free colored men and the freed slaves of the South and of the North (cheers). I meant to have said a good deal more to you than I have, or I shall have time to say (“Go on”). I have endeavored to place before you those facts which go to show that slavery was the real cause of this war,

and that if it came to the citation of facts whether North or South were the most guilty in this matter, there could be no question, I think, before any honorable tribunal, any jury, any deliberative body, that the decision will be that the South, from beginning to end, for the sake of slavery, has been aggressive, and the North patient. Since the war broke out, the North has been more and more coming upon the high ground of moral principle, until now the Government has taken ground for emancipation, and has issued its Proclamation of Emancipation (groans and counter cheers, and a voice, "Go home." There was at this point an outrageous interruption from a person in the gallery, who was removed). It has been said very often in my hearing, and oftener I have read it since I have been in England—the last reading I had of it was from the pen of Lord Brougham (hisses, and cries of "Chair, Chair," and disorder, which continuing for some time, Mr. Beecher sat down. When it had somewhat subsided, he continued). It is said that the North is fighting for the Union, and not for the emancipation of the African. Why are we fighting for the Union, but because we believe that the Union and its Government administered now by Northern men will work out the emancipation of every living being (loud cheering). If it be meant that the North went into this war with the immediate object of the emancipation of the slaves, it never professed to do it; but it went into war for the Union with the distinct understanding on both sides that if the Union was maintained slavery could not live long (cheers). Do you suppose that it is wise to separate the interest of the slave from the interest of the other people on the continent, and to inaugurate a policy which took in him alone? He has got to stand or fall with all of us (hear, hear), and the only sound policy for the North is that policy which shall be for the benefit of the North, of the South, of the blacks, and of the whites (cheers), and we hold that the maintenance of the Union—the fundamental principles which are contained in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—that this is the way to secure to the African ultimately his best rights and his best estate. So that in this way the North did come into this conflict with the prayer, the hope, rather than, I had almost said, the expectation, that God would bless their en-

deavor to the perfection of liberty over all our continent (loud cheers). The condition of the North was that of a ship carrying passengers tempest tossed, and while the sailors were laboring, and the captain and officers directing, some grumblers would come up from among the passengers and say, "You are all the time working to save the ship, but you don't care to save the passengers." I should like to know how you would save the passengers so well as by taking care of the ship. (At this point the Chairman read to the meeting the telegram relative to the seizure of the rams at Liverpool. The effect was startling; the whole audience rose to their feet, while cheer after cheer was given.)

Mr. Beecher continued, Allow me to say of the conduct of the colored people, our citizens (for in New York colored people vote, as they do also in Massachusetts and in several other Northern States, Mr. Wharncliffe—Lord Wharncliffe, I beg his pardon—to the contrary notwithstanding), that it is a subject of universal remark that no men on either side have carried themselves more gallantly, more bravely, than the colored regiments that have been fighting for their government and their liberty. My own youngest brother is colonel of one of those regiments, and from him I learn many of the most interesting facts concerning them. The son of one of the most estimable and endeared of my friends in my congregation was the colonel of that regiment that charged at Fort Wagner. He fell at the head of his men—hundreds fell—and when inquest was made for his body, it was reported by the men in the fort that he had been buried with his niggers; and on his gravestone yet it shall be written, "The man that dared to lead the poor and the oppressed out of their oppression died with them and for them, and was buried with them" (cheers). On the Mississippi the conduct of the colored regiments is so good that, although many of the officers who command them are Southern men, and until recently had the strongest Southern prejudices, those prejudices are almost entirely broken down, and there is no difficulty whatever in finding officers, Northern or Southern, to take command of just as many of these regiments as can be raised. It is an honorable testimony to the good conduct and courage of these long-abused men, whom God is now bringing by the Red Sea of war out the land of Egypt.

and into the land of promise (cheers). I have said that it would give me great pleasure to answer any courteous questions that might be proposed to me. If I cannot answer them, I will do the next best thing—tell you so (hear). The length to which this meeting has been protracted, and the very great conviction that I seem to have wrought by my remarks on this Pentecostal occasion in yonder Gentile crowd (loud laughter) admonish me that we had better open some kind of

“meeting of inquiry” (renewed laughter). It will give me great pleasure, as a gentleman, to receive questions from any gentleman (hear, hear), and to give such reply as is in my power.

(The reverend gentleman remained standing for a few moments, as if to give the opportunity of interrogation but no one rising to question him, he sat down amid great cheers. The speech lasted nearly two and a quarter hours.)

THE GUEST AT THE GUARDS' BALL.

“WHAT am I doing here, with my ribs so blank and bare?”

What business is it of yours, under corsage and *berthe* to stare?

“What am I doing here with my tibia and thigh-bone clean?”

Who are you dares push your question past the bounds of crinoline?

You don't mean to say the skull peeps out under wreaths of the rose full-blown?

Or that the rouge isn't thick enough to hide the sigmoid bone?

Have you no consideration—no proper feeling at all,—

To annoy people by reminding them that Death is at the ball?

It's true I wasn't invited, not, at least, in my own name;

But I must presume that *Madame la Mort* is welcome, all the same.

And not at the Guards' Ball only, but wherever twinkling feet,

Bright eyes, and glossy tresses, and brilliant toilettes meet.

But nowhere so welcome as when with train, diamonds, lappets, and plume,

I sweep past our Gracious Princess in the crowded drawing-room;

And none drops a gracefuller courtesy down to the crimson floor

Than *La Grande Maitresse des Robes de la Cour, Madame la Mort!*

Entre nous, 'tis I who have more to do than most people are aware

With these *ravissantes toilettes* that these charming creatures wear;

There's scarce a house of business, that a West End connection boasts,

But *Madame la Mort* is there to keep the young ladies at their posts.

I'm at home in the crowded work-rooms, where my pupils their needles ply;

Let pulses throb and brains go round, so no fingers idle lie.

I'm at home in the up-stairs dormitory, where the sleep lies heavy as lead;
Snug—isn't it?—each six feet of space with its sleepers, two to a bed.

They come up from the country so gamesome, so fresh, and full of glee;

At first sight of this pale face of mine they'll have nothing to say to me.

They're not aware 'tis my place to sit among the young ladies still;

But the weaker ones soon draw to me; they're very often ill.

Some take to me so kindly—and lay their cheeks to mine,

As a child its face to its mother's will lovingly incline;

Some struggle hard to keep me at arm's length; but in the end,

They learn that, after all, I'm their best and staunchest friend.

Poor dears! Where'er they enter while thus they work and sleep,

To my house of business, after all, they're but too glad to creep.

So no wonder if I'm privileged by my employers fair

To visit the scenes which I furnish with these toilettes rich and rare.

The old painters—excuse me for speaking of artists so *rococo*—

Had a subject they used to call “*La Danse Macabre*” long ago;

In which—like *vauriens* as they are, those artists—they made free,

With all conditions of life, as, at last, being led away by me.

I should like to suggest to our painters—(we've some clever ones, they say)

A *New Dance of Death*, adapted to the fashions of the day;

On one side the House of Pleasure; scene, the ball-room; and next door,

The House of Business; and for scene, the Work-room of *Madame la Mort*.

—Punch.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *The Works of Thomas Hood.* 7 vols. Edited, with Notes, by his Son. London, 1862.
2. *Hood's Own, First and Second Series.* London, 1862.
3. *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* 2 vols. London, 1860.

It depends greatly on a man's physical health and animal spirits whether he shall be of a large, calm, outward-looking nature and objective mind, or shall be a brooding subjective being, whose vision is introverted, and whose temperament is too irritable to allow full time for maturing the larger births of literature. The great humorists, as a rule, were men of overflowing animal spirits. They have, as the term suggests, more moisture of the bodily temperament; the unction of mirth, and the wine of gladness. Such are the Chaucers, Ben Jonsons, and Fieldings, the Molières and Rabelais. But the small, thin men, with little flesh and blood, the Popes, Voltaires, and Hoods, rarely reach this perfect joyousness of feeling. On the contrary, they feel naked to the least breath of the world, as though they were one live sensitive nerve of self, and the slightest touch erects the pens like porcupines' quills. That a man with a powerful frame and robust health may, even in a time like ours, reach the corpulent Brobdignagian humor of the older writers, we have had ample proof in John Wilson, whose life was so opulent, and laugh so hearty, that he could shake off all the cobwebs of our miserable self-consciousness. That which would pierce the little men to their vitals he took as a mere tickling of his cuticle. Those things which are as the mighty blows of Thor's hammer to others only seemed to make him look up and say with Skrymir, "There must be sparrows roosting in this tree, I think; what is that they have dropped?"

It is a very noticeable feature in Hood's character that, with even worse health than Pope's, he was of a most sweet temper; and no amount of pain and buffeting could turn him into one of the wasps of wit. But to read his nature and appreciate his works, we must turn to his life.

Thomas Hood by birth was a genuine Cockney. He was born May 23d, 1799, in the Poultry, London; therefore within the sound of Bow bells. His father was a native of Scot-

land; but in this instance the old saying, that one Scotsman will be sure to introduce another, was not verified, Thomas Hood being as unlike a Scotsman as possible. His grandmother was an Armstrong; and he used to say in joke that he was descended from two notorious thieves, Robin Hood and Johnnie Armstrong. The genius of Cockneydom, however, was the ruling power in mixing the elements of his nature. He would have been all the richer for a little of the ruddy health of Robin, and the hardihood of the renowned Borderer. But Cockney he was doomed to be; and we cannot help thinking that the "Song of the Shirt" could only have been written by one who entered deeply into London life, so as to feel instinctively how it went with the poorest poor who dwell high up the dark and rickety staircases, seeing the stars through the rents of the roof; to whom spring only comes in the plant or flower on the window-sill; the gleam of sunshine on the wing of a swallow darting by, or the warble of an imprisoned skylark. Only a dweller in London who knows how the poor live, could fathom the indescribable yearning of the fevered body and pent-up soul for one breath of the country air and boundless space; to cool the feet in the sweet green grass, and the fingers among its wild flowers; to freshen the poor worn eyes with a look at the glad green world of pleasant leaves, waving woods, and blue heaven bending over all.

Hood took cheerfully enough to his birthplace, and thought if local prejudices were worth anything the *balance* ought to be in favor of the *capital*. He would as lief have been a native of London as of Stoke Pogis, and considered the Dragon of Bow Church or Gresham's Grasshopper as good a terrestrial sign to be born under as the dunghill cock on a village spire. He thought a literary man might exult that he first saw the light—or perhaps the fog—in the same metropolis as Milton, Gray, De Foe, Pope, Byron, Lamb, and other town-born authors, "whose fame has nevertheless triumphed over the Bills of Mortality." So in their goodly company he cheerfully took up his livery, especially as Cockneyism, properly so called, appeared to him to be limited to no particular locality or station in life. It is likewise worthy of remark, that Hood owes a whole class of humorous character to the streets of London. The "Lost Child" is a type of what we mean.

In this the nature and language are strictly Cockney. The cooped-up maternal agony grows garrulous *beyond measure*; and so all rules of verse are violated in order that ample expression may be given to the grief. The result is a long lugubrious patter; tragedy and farce blending in a burlesque such as Mr. Robson alone could do justice to.

Hood's father was a man of literary taste; had written a couple of novels, and was one of the firm of Vernor and Hood which published the poems of Bloomfield and Kirke White. James, the eldest boy, likewise had literary predilections. His mother, we are told, was somewhat startled to find a note-book which appeared to contain some secret confession of hopeless love, the good lady not knowing that her son had been translating Petrarch. Thus Thomas Hood had, as he said, a dash of ink in his blood, which soon became manifest in an inkling for authorship. He was a shy, quiet child, exceedingly sensitive, and delicate in health; fond of making his little observations with continual humor as he sat silently watching, with noticing eyes, the main stream of life passing by. One of his earliest artistic efforts was a great success, although not exactly in the way he had anticipated. He smoked a terrific-looking demon on the bedroom ceiling with a candle, intending to frighten his brother on going to bed; but forgetting all about it, he was himself the victim, and found it no joke.

Disease and death were early and frequent visitors to the Hood family. James, the elder brother, was soon carried off. The father died suddenly, leaving the widow with her little ones but poorly provided for. The wife soon followed her husband. Hood's sister Anne did not survive the mother very long, both dying of consumption. It was on the death of this sister that Hood wrote his tender and touching little poem called the "Death-bed."

The mother while living had given her son what education she could command. He acquired French, and became a pretty good classical scholar. In his "attempt on his own life" he speaks of winning a prize for Latin without knowing the Latin for prize. But he had a capable teacher after he left the school at which this happened, and his witty renderings from Latin authors were well known to his friends in after-life. We do not make out the precise date at which Thomas Hood

was articled to his uncle, Mr. Sands, the engraver, nor how long he labored at the art which first taught him how to etch his own funny fancies.

He speaks of having sat at a desk in some commercial office, but he was not destined to become a winner of the "Ledger," his race being cut short at starting; this he communicates in strictly business language. His appetite failed, and its principal creditor, the stomach, received only an ounce in the pound. In the phraseology of the "Price Current," it was expected that he must "submit to a decline." The doctors declared that by sitting so much on the counting-house stool he was hatching a whole brood of complaints. So he was ordered to abstain from "ashes, bristles, and Petersburg yellow candle, and to indulge in a more generous diet." Change of air, too, was imperatively prescribed. Accordingly, Hood was shipped off to visit some relatives in Dundee. As soon as they set eyes on him they did what they could to send him back again. He had come to the wrong people in search of health. Hood, however, determined on stopping in Dundee. The air of Scotland did him so much good. One of its results was a belief that although Scotland might not produce the first man in the world, it would undoubtedly be a Scotsman who would live on as the Last Man. To estimate his position at this time, alone in a strange place, hanging on his own hook, he tells us to imagine a boy of fifteen at the Nore, as it were, of life, thus left dependent on his own pilotage for a safe voyage to the Isle of Man! How he was occupied in Dundee we are not clearly informed; but his first appearance in print was in the "*Dundee Advertiser*;" his next in the "*Dundee Magazine*;" and he tells us with modest triumph and pardonable pride, that the respective editors published his writings without charging anything for insertion. This he considered success enough to make him sell himself body and soul, after the German fashion, to that minor Mephistophiles the Printer's Devil. Not but what he served some years' apprenticeship before the Imp in question became really his Familiar. As with all literary naturals, he drifted rather than plunged into authorship.

In the year 1821 Hood returned to London, and was engaged to assist the editor of the *London Magazine*, leaving the engraver's business for that purpose. Here was a legit-

imate opening, and he "jumped at it, à la Grimaldi, head foremost, and was speedily behind the scenes." So delighted was he, that he would receive a revise from the foreman of the printers as a "proof of his regard; forgave him all his slips," and really thought that printers' devils were not so black as they are painted. But, he tells us, his "topgallant-glory" was in "Our Contributors." How he used to look forward to Elia and backward for Hazlitt, and all round for Edward Herbert; and "how I used to look up to Allan Cunningham," who was formed by Nature tall enough to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art." Hood has given us a pleasant lifelike sketch of Charles Lamb, with his fine head on a small spare body; his intellectual face full of wiry lines, and lurking quips and cranks of physiognomy; brown, bright eyes, quick in turning as those of birds,—looking sharp enough to pick up pins and needles. The hesitation in his speech continually relieved by some happy turn of thought which seemed to have been thus naturally waited for. Shy with strangers, but instantly alight with a welcome smile of womanly sweetness for his friends. At Lamb's he met with Coleridge, the "full-bodied poet, with his waving white hair and his benign face, round, ruddy, and unfurrowed as a holy friar's." Hood heard the glorious talker at times when he was in the key which Lamb called "C in alt.," far above the line of the listener's comprehension. He made marvellous music nevertheless; and Hood felt as though he were carried "spiralling up to heaven by a whirlwind intertwisted with sunbeams, giddy and dazzled, and had then been rained down again with a shower of mundane stocks and stones that battered out of me all recollection of what I had heard and what I had seen." Here, too, was poor Clare, in his bright grass-colored coat and yellow waistcoat, "shining verdantly from out the grave-colored suits like a patch of turnips amidst stubble and fallow." Lamb sometimes bantering him on certain "Clare-obscurities" in his verses, and anon talking so gravely, towards midnight, that Clare would cry "Dal!" (a clarified d—n) "if it isn't like a dead man preaching out of his coffin!" De Quincey also was one of the writers for the *London*; and Hood often saw the small, calm philosopher "at home, quite at home, in the midst of a German

Ocean of literature in a storm—flooding all the floor, table, and chairs—billows of books tossing, tumbling, surging open. On such occasions I have willingly listened by the hour whilst the philosopher, standing with his eyes fixed on one side of the room, seemed to be less speaking than reading from a 'handwriting on the wall!'"

The "Lion's Head" of the *London Magazine* was the first mask of Momus put on by Thomas Hood. His punning propensity breaks out in humorous Answers to Correspondents. "W. is informed that his 'Night' is too long, for the moon rises twice in it. The 'Essay on Agricultural Distress' would only increase it. B. is surely humming. H. B.'s 'Sonnet to the Rising Sun' is suspected of being written for a Lark. W.'s 'Tears of Sensibility' had better be dropped. The 'Echo' will not answer. T., who says his tales are out of his own head, is asked if he is a tadpole. M.'s 'Ode on the Martyrs who were burnt in the rain of Queen Mary' is original, but wants fire."

Amongst Hood's early contributions to the *London* we find the lovely ballad of "Fair Inez" and the poem of "Lycus the Centaur." This latter poem was a favorite with Hartley Coleridge, who thought it absolutely unique in its line, and such as no man except Hood could have written. The measure, which has a gallop appropriate to the subject, is a difficult one to tell a story in. Yet the poem contains some powerful descriptions, and has not had justice done to it. Here, for example, is a striking picture of the bestialized victims of Circe's horrible charms as another human being, newly doomed, comes amongst them with the likeness they have lost:—

"They were mournfully gentle, and grouped for relief,
All foes in their skin, but all friends in their grief;
The Leopard was there—baby-mild in its feature;
And the Tiger, black-barred, with the gaze of a creature
That knew gentle pity; the bristled-backed Boar,
His innocent tusks stained with mulberry gore;
And the laughing Hyena—but laughing no more:
And the Snake, not with magical orbs to devise
Strange Death, but with woman's attraction of eyes;
The tall ugly Ape, that still bore a dim shine
Thro' his hairy eclipse of a manhood divine:

There were Woes of all shapes, wretched forms,
 when I came,
 That hung down their heads with a human-
 like shame ;
 The Elephant hid in the boughs, and the Bear
 Shed over his eyes the dark veil of his hair ;
 And the Womanly soul, turning sick with dis-
 gust,
 Tried to vomit herself from her serpentine
 crust :
 While all groaned their groans into one at their
 lot,
 As I brought them the Image of what they
 were not."

His connection with the *London* brought Thomas Hood many friends in the pleasant spring-time of his literary career; amongst others John Hamilton Reynolds, the "Edward Herbert" of the *Magazine*. Unfortunately this friendship did not end well. We only mention the subject, because we think that most likely it was in Hood's last thoughts, and pointed with more significance his latest words: "Remember, I forgive all—all!" One result of the break-up of this intimacy is, that a large number of Hood's letters are still locked up from the public, and all access to them refused.

Conjointly with Reynolds, Hood wrote and published his "Odes and Addresses to Great People." The book had a large sale. Coleridge, to whom a copy was sent, ascribed it to Charles Lamb in a letter which pays a just tribute to the good-nature of the humorist who did write it. "My dear Charles, it was certainly written by you. You are found in the manner, as the lawyers say. The puns are nine in ten good; many excellent. The *Newgatory* transcendent! And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities and contemporaneities without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasantness on any man in his senses." The pun specially alluded to occurs in the Address to Mrs. Fry. Hood says he likes her and the Quakers, with many of their works and ways; but he don't like her "Newgatory teaching." We quote one stanza of this ode for its admirable good sense, and to show how wit and wisdom are blended in the use of a rough-and-ready illustration:—

"Oh, save the vulgar soul *before* it's spoiled !
 Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate ;
 And there inform the mind *before* 'tis soiled !
 'Tis sorry waxing on a greasy slate !
 Nay, if you would not have your labors foiled,
 Take it *inclining* towards a virtuous state,

Not prostrate and laid flat ; else, woman meek,
 The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek."

Coleridge's characterization of Hood's humour reminds us of the words of Lord Dudley to Sydney Smith: "You have been laughing at me constantly, Sydney, for the last seven years; and yet in all that time you never said a single thing to me that I wished unsaid!" Hood was in the habit of poking the Quakers in the ribs, and never lost an opportunity of giving them a quite dig. Yet, we believe, wherever wit is tolerated amongst them, Hood is a chief favorite.

Our author had now tried the reading public as a punster and poet. He found that puns sold better than poetry. Henceforth his literary life ran in parallel lines of poetry and puns, except where those lines crossed and recrossed, or ran into one—making that peculiar mixture of incongruous elements, puns and pathos, laughter and tears—sweetness exquisitely sad, and sadness exquisitely sweet, known as "Hood's Own." The public in general will pay the highest price for being amused. So Hood became its merriman that he might secure the means of living. Nevertheless, he kept true to the higher life, and wrote his poetry in shy ways and secret places. He piped and piped on his sylvan reed, although the public would not dance to country tunes, however sweetly they might breathe of the pastoral age, however rich they might be in delicate imagery; it left him sitting at the gate of his fairy-world, and passed him by for the lure of louder voices, and the glare of coarser color. He secretly committed several beautiful poems to it, which secret—as Coleridge said of one of his own publications—the public very faithfully kept. It was quiet willing to listen if Hood would only make it laugh!

The acquaintanceship with Reynolds was at least so far happy that it introduced Hood to his future wife, Reynolds's sister—a true woman, pre-eminent for all qualities of fitness, who made the sunshine of years in a life which had much more than the ordinary share of shadow.

Hood has left a very tender testimonial to his wife in one of his letters:—

"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you; and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly

and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrances of our dear children; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing."

In another letter, written just after his wife has left him to go on a journey, there is an exceedingly natural touch, showing how deep was his affection for her—how restless for her return: "I went and retraced our walk in the Park, and sat down *in the same seat*, and felt happier and better."

Mrs. Hood was a woman of cultivated mind; her letters are full of good sense, with frequent overflows of humor. She devotedly gave her own life to eke out his. It was not merely a witty allusion when, speaking of getting out the *Comic* on one occasion he said it had half killed Jane, and half killed himself, which he considered equal to one murder. And she must have had one of the sweetest tempers in the world. How else could she have put up with the freaks of this veritable Puck of the Household, who was forever playing off his tricks, and taking advantage of her innocence? We are told that it was a custom with the Libyans for the young man to marry the girl who laughed at his jokes. Hood was lucky in securing such a charming wife. She appears to have been able to join in the laugh, even though the joke went against herself. She must have proved a capital subject for his fun, seeing that she was always ready to believe whatever the rogue told her, and each time, when taken in, was never going to be caught again! "Above all things, Jane," says he, warning her against being deceived by the fishwomen, "as they will endeavor to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition." Full of this novel information, armed on one point at least, Mrs. Hood was quite ready for the fishwoman next time, being rather anxious to show off her knowledge. The very first plaice that came had the ominous spots, and Mrs. Hood hinted her fears lest the fish were not fresh. The woman insisted that they were only just out of the water. But Mrs. Hood, in the innocence of her heart and all the pride of conscious knowledge, was ready

with her finishing-stroke: "My good woman, it may be as you say; but I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant spots!" The woman's answer, with a suppressed giggle on the stairs, told the young housekeeper all the tale. On another occasion Mrs. Hood had made a plum-pudding for their foreign friend, De Franck, to show him what English plum-pudding was like. There happened to be some white wooden skewers at hand. Hood saw them as they lay pointing, as it were, to the pudding. He poked them into it across and across in all directions, taking care to leave no sign outside. The pudding was packed up and sent. When De Franck came, Hood asked him if he did not think it was well trussed. De Franck, surmising this was the English way of *bulding* the pudding, gravely replied, "Yes," and complimented the *other* victim on the ingenuity of her *wood-work*!

Hood was married on the 5th of May, 1824. In spite of all the sickness and sorrow, his children tell us the union was a happy one. The early years of his married life were undoubtedly the happiest that Hood spent in this world. Good fortune appeared to smile from out a bit of unclouded blue heaven above, and all that was wifely and womanly strove to make one spot of earth green and pleasant below. The love of a wife like this was a blessing indeed to the man who had to pass through such fires of affliction and waters of tribulation. Her devotion, willing at all times to transfuse her life into his, must have often heartened him for a fresh effort in the weary struggle. Many a time she must have inspired him to face the outer difficulties by helping to keep the spirit warm and bright and hopeful within. When the book shall be written which might be written, on the "Wives of Men of Genius," one of the noblest chapters should be given to Mrs. Hood.

Hood had need of all the sunshine and sweetness that could be gathered from these years of happiness to hoard up a little honey in the hive of Home for the sad seasons coming!

A living writer has remarked that perhaps there are not more than a thousand persons in the long roll of illustrious names who have done anything very remarkable for mankind. We think nations should have kept guard at their doors that they might work on undia-

turbed. But, instead of that, we find the world hindered them all it possibly could. Domestic misery, poverty, errors of all kinds, and afflictions, no doubt disturbed and distressed them. This was singularly the case with Thomas Hood. It makes us feel all the greater interest in that life, and possibly set a higher value on the work done in spite of the suffering, because of the moral worth of such an example. Hood's troubles, which he turned into perplexing oddities of merriment and pathos; his heavy trials, which he strove to make light of; his "moving accidents by flood and field;" his illnesses and continual dodgings of death, soon began, and followed each other with increasing frequency. Shortly after his marriage he was seized with rheumatic fever. After this, he nearly lost his life while bathing in the sea. Gradually the organic disease of his heart—enlargement and thickening—was developed; hemorrhage of the lungs followed; these were aggravated and increased by compulsory work, ever-recurring anxieties, and the ignorance of foreign doctors, until even his rebounding spirit could bear or bend no farther, and he broke down at the early age of forty-six years.

But we anticipate. It was in the year 1826 that the first series of "Whims and Oddities" appeared. In the year following, a second series was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. Both were well received by the public. The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" was produced at this time, but did not sell. Hood brought up the remainder of an addition from the publisher's shelves, to save the work, as he said, from the butter-shops. In 1829 he left London to live in the country—first at Winchmore Hill, and next at Lake House; the latter place noticeable because he wrote "Tylney Hall" there, and evidently got his suggestion for the "Haunted House" from its ruined beauty, its signs of past splendor, and present desolation; its pictured panels, from under which the rats would peep out at twilight; its weedy wilderness of a flower-garden, where the rabbits would come to skip:—

"A jolly place, said he, in days of old,
But something ails it now; the place is curst."

The first number of Hood's *Comic Annual* was published for the Christmas of 1830. On the cover was the picture of a boy blowing bubbles; these ultimately increased to

eleven, numbering the years of the publication. The fun of the *Comic*, palpable and plentiful, secured to the writer much friendship from children of every age. Amongst the other delighted admirers came His Grace the late Duke of Devonshire, with a curious request that Hood would supply a set of titles for the *Dummy Books* of a Library Staircase. Some of these titles are amusing: for instance, "On Cutting off Heirs with a Shilling, by Barber Beaumont;" "On the Affinity of the Death-Watch and the Sheep-Tick;" "Rules for Punctuation, by a thorough-bred Pointer;" "Percy Vere, in forty Volumes;" "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" "Barrow on the Common Weal;" "Haughty-cultural Remarks on London Pride."

By the year 1834 Hood had become pretty well known. His work was abundant. His health, too, had benefited by country air and visits to the sea—for which he had the true national feeling. At this time a heavy misfortune fell on him—the failure of a firm involved him in pecuniary difficulties. His sense of honor prevented his passing through the Bankruptcy Court. He determined, like Sir Walter Scott, to write out every penny, instead of having his debts whitewashed over. "He had fair reason," he said, "to expect that by redoubled diligence, economizing, and escaping costs at law, he would soon be able to retrieve his affairs." With these views, leaving every shilling behind him, derived from the sale of his effects, he voluntarily expatriated himself, and bade his "native land good-night."

With his indomitable spirit of fun, and his lively way of making the best of the worst that could happen, Hood met his alien lot, smiling the usual bright, cheery smile that would put a little reflected light into the saddest face of things. It was his belief at times that he was only alive through his habit of never giving up! His spirit was so elastic, that whatever circumstance might make it bend for a moment, it would spring back into the old shape, with the old flash, ready to fight on to the last. He fixed on Coblenz as the place most suitable for his new residence, and, dear lover of his country as he was,—for he thought there was no land like England,—he went manfully to eat the bread of sorrow in a strange land, determined to eat that bread honorably, and equally determined

to get all the fun he could out of his lot, and the people amongst whom his lot was cast. He remarks at Ostend, "I am werry content with my wittles in this here place," as the Apprentices say." Hood was always content with his "wittles" in any place.

He passed over in a storm, which wrecked eleven vessels off the coast of Holland. He nearly blew his last bubble; it was, as he says, a "squeak for the Comic" on this occasion. On landing he looks on the bright side of his prospect. "We are not transported even for seven years, and the Rhine is a deal better than the Swan River," he writes to his wife. "There are three little rooms, one backward, my study that is to be, with such a lovely view over the Moselle. My heart jumped when I saw it, and I thought, 'There I shall write volumes.' I want but you and my dear boy and girl to be very happy and very loving." Hood was soon at work, with his humor in full flow for the *Comic*; making rare fun of the Germans, and playing off practical jokes on his wife and friends; a very spirit of mischief, longing and listening with both ears for news from home, like any "Exile of Hearin," his swallow often inclined to migrate England-ward when he thought of beef and porter; supplying curious pictures of his foreign friends, and painting fancy likenesses of those at home with fun in every feature for their special amusement—seeing that it "were ungracious to write merrily for the public, and vent the blue devils on my private letters." Hood's account of their difficulties with the German language, and how they got on with the aid of Dictionary and *contradictionary*, is richly ludicrous.

Our author appears to have soon found that living in Germany was not so cheap as he had fancied, nor was the climate so suitable as he had fondly imagined. Then the doctors were *leeches* indeed in those days; they bled unmercifully. Nature kept him thin and spare, so that he might always be in fighting condition, but the doctors did their best to reduce him still further. "I heard the other day," he writes, "of a man who had fifty-five leeches on his thigh. The man who bled me, and there are several bleeders here, told me he had attended eighty that month! One of their blisters would draw a wagon."

Under the most disheartening circumstances Hood wrote on and on, doing a great

deal of work, and feeling that he only wanted health to do all! The scratch of his pen was heard day by day in his little apartment. With his dear ones at his side, he said, his pen would gambol through the *Comic* like the monkey who had seen the world. And when they were in bed and the house was still, the pen went on far into the night. Many a time must he have realized his own description of the swimming brain, heavy eyes, and aching head of the poor seamstress of his "Song," looking, as he said, more like the rueful knight than a professor of the *Comic*. And each season the *Comic* came out with its broad grins and laughter from year to year, delighting young and old; few even suspecting the private tragedy that preceded the merry farce in public. When he could find nothing in persons or places round about him to tickle his fancy, Hood seems to have had the extraordinary power of taking up his pen and tickling himself until he laughed so heartily that he set all the world laughing too, and so he kept up the comedy with immense success, his coughs and fits of blood-spitting only looking like the results of excessive laughter.

Hood soon discovered how much he had lost in leaving English air. The summer and winter at Coblenz were killing him between them, so he left the Rhine without regret, his chief memories being of illness, suffering, and vexation of spirit. He now removed to Ostend, which seemed so much nearer home; he did not mind the sea between; that he could look upon as a part of England. Here we find him again busy at his old work of spinning new illusions, fast as time could destroy the old ones. He was delighted with the place, as he always tried to be with every place and everybody and everything. Yet for him it was one of the worst in the world; miasmatic and full of fever; the earth in a continual cold sweat; and what with its "carillons and canals" the country was "wringing wet." We are almost annoyed with his contentedness. He really learned to like Ostend, which was killing him by inches. Hood's kind friend, Dr. Elliot, was very urgent for his return to England, and eventually he came home, the doctor undoubtedly being the means of preserving Hood's life for a few more years. In 1840 the letters are dated "Camberwell," and we find the wit making fun of his very low condition, which followed a more than usually severe attack of

illness. He is thankful for a filter, as he feels too *thin* to drink *thick* water. He has become a Pythagorean, not only in his diet but his feelings, and wonders how any one can eat meat! He is a teetotaler, too; but, "for all my temperance, nobody gives me a medal! One hot evening in the summer, as I walked home, I could have murdered an old fish-woman who stood drinking a pot of porter out of the cool pewter. Why couldn't she drink it in the taproom, out of my sight?"

On the death of Theodore Hook, in 1841, Hood was offered the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he accepted, at a salary of £300 per year, independently of the remuneration for his own articles. This gleam of sunshine, with its promise of settled prosperity, had a radiant effect for the time on poor Hood's health and spirits. He removed to a more pleasant house at St. John's Wood, where he had his cosy little parties of literary friends, and was better than he had been for many years. We meet him at a dinner given to Mr. Dickens, the latter hinting at the great advantage of going to America for the pleasure of coming back again. Hood was deaf; he could scarcely call himself stone deaf, and he found Tom Landseer "two stone deafer." Upon his own health being drunk, Hood explained that a certain trembling of his hand was not from palsy or ague, but an inclination in his hand to shake itself with every one present. At this time he was working for the *New Monthly* merrily as a bee, making honey while the sun shone; his light-heartedness and improvement of health culminating in a second visit to Scotland.

In the Christmas number of *Punch* for 1843* appeared the "Song of the Shirt." For the first time Hood really caught the ear of the world as a singer. He was astonished at its popularity, and touched by hearing the song sung by poor creatures in the streets to a rude air of their own adaptation. Mrs. Hood, when folding up the packet for the press, had said, "Now, mind, Hood, mark my words; this will tell wonderfully; it is one of the best things you ever did." Hood's connection with the *New Monthly* soon ceased, and he determined to start a magazine of his own. It was to be a sort of monthly instead of yearly *Comic*, with more serious literary

aims. The prospectus promised that it should try to be merry and wise, instead of being merry and otherwise. There was to be good news for the teetotalers in a "total abstinence from stimulating topics and fermented questions." As for politics, the editor professed not to know "whether a Finality Man meant Campbell's Last Man or an undertaker; whether Queen Isabella's majority was or was not equal to Sir Robert's; or if the shelling the Barcelonense was done with bombs and mortars, or the nut-crackers."

Hood's Magazine appeared on the 1st of January, 1844, supported by many friends, and met with a warm welcome from the public. Unfortunately, there seems to have been a flaw in most of Hood's business arrangements; and in this instance the proprietor, who had been speculating on the strength of the name, had not capital to carry on the magazine to success. This was the first blow for Hood and his new venture. It was followed by various others. His health now began to fail more decidedly than ever, and the shadows grew darker and darker as this year passed on to its close. Yet the poor fellow never wrote nobler poetry than at this time. His contributions to the magazine include the "Haunted House," the "Lady's Dream," and the "Bridge of Sighs." He made his most passionate appeals on behalf of the needy and oppressed. He never wrote more brightly than in his witty, genial letters to the little Elliots, when at his best he was suffering acutely all day, and all night his head, "instead of a shady chamber, was like a hall with a lamp burning in it." Towards the end of the year Sir Robert Peel proposed to her majesty that a pension of £100 a year should be conferred on Thomas Hood. This was granted, but too late to be of much use in restoring him to health. He had silently pleaded for rest from labor for many a month past, and touchingly as ever he pleaded the cause of the poor; but he had to work on from one break-down to another, until the last break-down was fast drawing near. More than once had he been so close to "Death's door, he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges;" and now it stood wide open into the darkness straight in front of him!

The last Christmas he spent in this world was memorable to his children chiefly from the fact that, while the merry season came

* We observe with satisfaction that a re-issue of our pleasant friend *Punch* is in progress. It will preserve much that we would not willingly let die.

round smiling and happy as usual, the once sprightly soul was saddened at last; the brilliant wit could not get up the accustomed little pyrotechnics of flashing mirth to illuminate the family rejoicings. The cheerful spirit that had borne up so long and struggled so bravely was beaten and broken now. Tears came into all eyes to see that he "scarcely attempted to appear cheerful." His work was done; he had taken to his bed for the last time. He was resigned and serene, as old and loving friends gathered round for a parting pressure of the hand, and smiled as the many tributes of affection were sent to him by strangers; amongst other tender tokens of kindness were some violets from the country, sent by a lady who had heard that he loved the perfume of these little flowers. One night his mind was wandering somewhat, and in a voice ineffably pathetic, he repeated some lines of the Baroness Nairn's (not Burns's, as the editors of the "Memorials" seem to think) "Land o' the Leal," beginning "I'm wearin' awa', Jean." But, generally, he was remarkably calm, and on his features lay a solemn beauty of repose.

Spring came with her balm and beauty, and he longed for the soft, warm air and the pleasant sunshine, turning often and eagerly toward the window. He said once, "It's a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here I have thought of it more and more. It is not so bad, even humanly speaking, as people would make out. I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I could have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in another world." As the last hour came, he fondly and tenderly blessed his children, and, clasping the hand of his wife, said, "Remember, Jane, that I forgive all—all, as I hope to be forgiven." They heard him whisper faintly, "O Lord! say, Arise, take up thy cross, and follow me." His last words were, "Dying! dying!" as if glad to realize the rest that was implied in them. On Saturday, at noon, May 3d, 1845, the headache and the heartache were over; the throbbing brow was quiet for the long rest under the sod of Kensall Green Cemetery. Thomas Hood, the man of many sufferings and most patient spirit, had passed on his way through the valley of the dark shadow, lighted by the sunshine of a heart at peace. His faithful wife, who clung so to him in life, was not

long divided from him in death. In the language of an old poet, there were but eighteen months of wooing, and the grave became their second marriage-bed:—

"Death could not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but *one* life.
Peace! good reader, do not weep!
Peace! the lovers are asleep.
They, sweet spirits, folded lie
In the last knot that Love could tie."

After long struggling with the storms, and many tossings amongst the billows of life's sea, poor Hood went down. Many a wild wave had burst over him and his frail bark; still they rose and righted from each shock, bearing right gallantly on. And, just as he seemed about to touch land mentally, and win a firm foothold whereon to stand, and do yet higher work; just when the harbor was in sight, and a multitude of friends stood on shore ready and eager to welcome the brave sailor, down he went in sight of them and home! We see by his letter to Sir Robert Peel, and by the earnest way in which he poured out his latest life, that a new purpose was dawning and growing in his soul. This purpose would undoubtedly have gathered up the sparkling particles of wit and fancy into singleness of mental movement and oneness of result, as the magnet gathers up the scattered filings of steel. We see likewise that his taste was chastening to the last. In the "Memorials" are some lines, in another measure, containing an image which was not wrought into the "Bridge of Sighs":—

"The moon in the river shone,
And the stars some six or seven—
Poor child of sin, to throw it therein
Seemed sending it to heaven."

The conceit of getting to heaven in that reflected way, which may be found in an early English minor poet, was too pretty for his maturer taste. All he asked was a little time. As Mozart, when dying, began to see what might be done in music, so Hood caught a glimpse of the glorious possibilities which he had not the strength left to grasp. What he gave us was the fruit of haste and hurry. Time was not allowed for him to bring forth the "ripened fruits of wise delay." He had also to eat so much of his corn in the blade, he could not garner up for us the full harvest there might have been. Yet he did good work for the world:—

"He gave the people of his best;
His worst he kept, his best he gave."

Whilst sitting himself in darkness, he turned the sunniest side of his nature towards his fellow-man. He suffered much, and suffering added its "precious seeing" to his eye. His own sorrows only made him all the more sensitive and tender to those of others.

The life of this man is a touching story; all the sadder at times for the uncomplaining meekness of spirit with which the burden was borne; and saddest of all by reason of the chirping cheeriness, the flashes of humor, that play with their heat lightning about the gloom of the gathering night. Yet it would be unbearably ghastly in many of its physical details of the sick-room and the sweat of agony, the weary toil and slow torture, but for the luminous smile of his humor, which gives a spiritualized expression to the racked features of a worn, tormented life. We are thus made aware of the presence of a potent spirit, that conquers when the poor, thin, diaphanous body fails; of an immortal triumphing over the ills of mortality, and transfiguring them till they become the veriest passing appearances, whilst it remains the fixed and enduring reality. The pages that read like a doctor's diary all pass away, and there lives only the image of a beautiful patience smiling from out the pain. We meet with many a touch of nature which, as Coleridge said of Shakspeare, will make those who love the man lay down the book, and love him over again.

In closing the "Memorials" of Thomas Hood's life, his children, who have performed a filial duty gracefully, are anxious to defend his memory against those foolish persons who mistook his wit for wickedness, his genial philosophy for irreligion; but there is no need. Hood's religion was of the practical kind, that stays one in life, and serves one in death. He was one of those who are so shy on the subject that they find it an insurmountable difficulty to get their feelings in this vital matter published through the customary forms. His religion breathed through all his life, work-days as well as Sundays. It ascended like incense in his own household, sweetening the sick-chamber, enriching the young life of his little ones, hallowing his love, and passing with the force of tenderest pity into his poetry. It enlarged his heart spiritually, until his charity could embrace

those whom the world had cast out, and those for whom the sects were too narrow.

Sydney Smith was a tolerant man, yet he confessed to one little weakness—a secret desire to roast a Quaker. Hood also was tolerant, but he, too, had his weakness; he would roast the Pharisees and the "uncoguid" in their own conceit. But he held sacred all that was high and holy. He was none the less religious because he hated cant and warred against it; because he had no sympathy with that Scottish clergyman who was horrified at seeing people walking the streets of Edinburgh on a Sunday, smiling and looking perfectly happy. There was no blasphemy, no unbelief, no *wanton* wile in the wit of Thomas Hood. The last lines he ever wrote show us an aspect of the man facing eternity, and lead us to believe that he had found his exaltation on the cross of suffering, knowing that of all this world's highest places it could lift the spirit highest heaven; and that when he felt the hand of "one standing in shade" was upon him, he likewise felt the transfiguring touch of One standing in light.

"Farewell, Life! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night.
Colder, colder, colder still
Upward steals a vapor chill—
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose.

"Welcome Life! The spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould."

To make a portrait of Thomas Hood were scarcely less difficult than the painter found it to catch the expression and fix the features of Garriek's face. He can laugh on one side and cry on the other, and it is not easy to tell his laughter from his crying. Are those tears in his eyes, or only the dews of mirth? Is that a furrow of pain, or a pucker of suppressed fun? We set them down for one thing, and they are instantly changed into the other. "A man of great heart and bright humors, my masters, and a sorrow that sits with its head under one wing." A mind of many features, with as continual changes of expression as the ripples of a breeze-tinted summer sea. A spirit of earnestness hard at work; a spirit

of quaint pleasantry as assiduously at play. A gentle, genial nature, in which the most opposite elements were kindly mixed; many-sided, and curiously felicitous at most points. He somewhere speaks of the Nine Muses dwelling together in one house for the sake of cheapness. His was the one house, where but poor entertainment they got for the rare entertainment they gave. Wit never before assumed such numerous shapes, to spring so many sudden surprises,—more especially in the way it passes into pathos. His gayest laughter somehow touches the underlying melancholy of life, and leaves a sad chord thrilling long after the laughter is done ringing. In the midst of the mirth all is changed in the twinkling of an eye, and you are hoodwinked into tears. The pungency of much of Hood's humor is pathos. If we consider the state of health and the outward environment in which the wit flashed and humor flowed, it is inexpressibly touching, as the Fool's laboring to out-jest the crying sorrows of poor old Lear. Some of his richest jewels of wit are his own tears set glittering in fictitious sunshine; the world preferred them thus pleasantly lighted up. And how splendidly they twinkled and shone when relieved by the sombre background of such a life! His grotesque gayety is often the result of his endeavors to hide the suffering—the piquant wry faces he showed in making fun of his own troubles. Pain will supply puns, and cramp becomes comic if Hood has it. Then, how delightful it is if Mr. Merriman will but really cry! What fun to see the big drops come hopping down the painted puckered cheek! What a merry twinkle there is in the tears, and how pointed! What a glorious grin in the grief! Who thinks that it may be real? Who cares whether a dead child may be lying behind the curtain? Who, while his own sides are shaking with laughter, surmises that the clown's may be trembling with weakness? Who knows how much of the irresistible antic and grimace is owing to a peculiar way he has of silencing the kennel of cares that is all full cry in his heart?

Hood had, as he himself said, to be a Lively Hood for a livelihood. He lived under the stern taskmaster Necessity, who made him laugh for his living, and only the ear of the thoughtful will understand that this laughter is often the humorist's way of crying.

"Who," he asks, "would think of such a creaking, croaking blood-spitting wretch being the Comic?" Yet, with the blitheness of a grasshopper he goes on trying to turn the creaking into what sounds to us like the cheeriest chirping. Give him but the slightest gleam of sunshine and his spirits will be dancing, even though the bit of vantage-ground be small as the point of Thomas Aquinas's needle. His life ebbed and ebbed day by day in producing a few pretty shells and pebbles for the curious in such matters. Nevertheless, he picked them up and presented them gayly; breathing no word of complaint about the cost. He lived and laughed with Death in sight for years. Indeed, some of his grim jokes look as though he had had poked the bony skeleton in the lean ribs with them, when it came nearer than usual, and they were grotesquely ticklesome enough to delay the uplifted dart, and make Death pass him by with a broader grin than ever.

In the midst of illness he could thus give us his laughing philosophy:—

"You will not be prepared to learn that some of the merriest effusions in the forthcoming numbers have been the relaxation of a gentleman literally enjoying bad health—the carnival, so to speak, of a personified *jour maigre*. My coats have become great-coats, and by a bargain worse than Peter Schlemihl's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body. But what then? That emaciated hand still lends a hand to embody in words and sketches the creations or recreations of a Merry Fancy: these gaunt sides yet shake as heartily as ever at the grotesques and Arabesques and droll picturesques that my good genius (a Pantagruelian familiar) charitably conjures up to divert me from more sombre realities. How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness? By what other agency could I have transported myself, as a Cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grin-nage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case: indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospects; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself it was the nightingale; there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets. However my body might cry craven, my mind

luckily had no mind to give in. So, instead of mounting on the black long-tailed coach-horse, she vaulted on her old hobby that had capered in the morris-dance, and began to exhort from its back. 'To be sure, said she, 'matters look darkly enough; but the more need for the lights. Remember how the smugglers trim the sails of the lugger to escape the notice of the cutter. *Turn your edge to the old enemy, and mayhap he wont see you.*' The doctor declares that, anatomically, my heart is hung lower than usual—the more need to *keep it up!* Never meet trouble half-way, but let him have the whole walk for his pains. I have even known him to give up his visit in sight of the house. Besides, the best fence against care is a Ha! Ha!"

This antithesis of Hood's life has, we repeat, two aspects. He makes merry with a mournful lot, but the sadness will peer out at unexpected times, and in unlooked-for ways. The secret hidden in his heart turns on him unawares. He sighs unconsciously. Thus his pathos is produced as unexpectedly and with the same sudden turns as his wit, and it comes with all the more force, because not forced. For example:—

"I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

Again:—

"I saw thee, lovely Inez,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before!
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;
It would have been a beautiful dream,
If it had been no more."

It is remarkable that, whereas the wit and humor of Hood are not the unconscious overflows of health and happiness, he almost succeeds in making the reader believe they are. The fun and frolic look so like the playful extravagances of high animal spirits that we cannot help taking an interest in their aimless romping, like that which we take in the gambols and sport of domestic animals. Only since his death do we see, as on the stage of a theatre, both side of the thin partition which divided his sorrows from our mirth; how carefully he kept his miseries from the public gaze, and laughed his suf-

ferings down with his merry make-believe. It must have been a spirit of rare quality that in the grip of bodily anguish and mental torture, even when almost sick unto death, could forget all that pertains to self and turn the very pains of its own life into pleasures of literature for others. Dr. Johnson has said, in his absolute way, that all mankind are rascals when they are sick. We all know, and our wives appreciate, the peevish tendency which the doctor dealt with too sweepingly from the sick-nurse point of view. But Hood's sweetness of nature and serenity of temper were enough to upset the dictum, as they would have upset the doctor, who would have had no patience with *such* patience under the circumstances.

When Thor and his companions arrive at Utgard they are told that no one is permitted to remain there unless he understand some art and excel all other men in it. Thomas Hood, in his lowest range, has a claim to his place in the literary Walhalla. He excelled all other men in the art of twisting words, of bringing into sudden contact two opposite ideas which at a touch should explode in laughter, and of making those droll "Pictu-resques" which we may call pun-pictures. Here he was unapproachable. It is no great triumph, and we only point it out to remark that whereas the word-wit of Hood's followers and imitators is most flat, stale, wearisome, and unprofitable, that of the master keeps its freshness still. It does not sicken or fade. It is not gaslight gold that turns to daylight tinsel. The professed despiser of puns, the "verbal unitarian," will own that whereas the others have discovered a trick, Hood alone works the genuine miracle. The reason of this will be found in the depth of nature that lay beneath the sparkling surface of the man, breathing an aroma of sweetness through his poetry, purifying and exalting his humor, and spiritualizing that kind of wit which others are apt to make so vulgar. Indeed, his wit is the merest wild flower that waves in the flowing stream, swaying this way and that, to breeze and ripple, with the most "tricky" tendencies, only it is perfect in kind, and serves to draw us near enough to see the deeper nature wherein lies the richer wealth. He had to take the eye of the world with his wit before he could succeed in touching its heart with his poetry.

Many are the temptations for Wit and

Humorist to win the laugh on forbidden grounds, it is so easy to make merry in low life. But Thomas Hood is never coarse, he never penetrates the sanctuaries of human feeling with the grin of irreverence. He sets up no loud horse-laugh at humanity's misdeeds and backslidings. Whatever mocking mask he may wear for the time, we know there is a kindly face and a gentle heart behind it. He has but little of the bitterness of satire; none of its burning bitterness. Nor can he mock at humanity by pointing with the finger of scorn to the ghastly skeleton which underlies the bloom of rosiest flesh; nor does he torture it by thrusting that finger into the old incurable sores. He has no cynical smile for our ever-recurring difficulties in this old battle-field of Good and Evil, but always a word of cheer for the Right. He punctures no new wounds with caustic in his quill. Nor does he ever try to take payment for his own sufferings out of the miseries of others, having nothing of that feeling which induced the satirist Swift to keep his own birthday as a day of mourning. He has no scoffs for his inferiors; no rage against superiors; owes the world no grudge. The state of his health, no doubt, gave him his tendency to mirthful moralizing in the graveyard. He lived with death in sight for years, and grew familiar with his imagery. He sees that "Death himself cuts a caper in mockery, and the very skull of man wears a grin commemorative of the farcical passages in the serio-comic entertainment" of the life that is over.

Hood accomplished the most marvellous series of changes ever rung on the bells of the jester's cap. The most astonishing puns, quips, and cranks, and sudden turns and endless surprises, follow in bewildering succession, or rather they come crowding in all at once in the most natural way. He used to say that he thought all ideas entered his head upside down. Yet with him this seems to have been their right way of going, and these dancing figures when inverted made all the more fun. His mind continually caught the light at the oddest possible angle, and its reflections and refractions made a ludicrous change in the most familiar features of things, and shed a *sparry* play of light and color upon the dullest common place. Like his own Puck in the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "blithely jesting with calamity,"

and strangely "reflecting their grief aside," he turns their "solemn looks to half a smile,"—

"Like a straight stick shown crooked in the tide."

It is said that his own long serious face and quiet demeanor formed an excellent foil to his fun. In like manner he has the way of introducing the most startlingly innocent-looking puns, and other ticklish twins, with great apparent artlessness and absence of effort. He is always playing off his tricks on the most knowing and acute reader, as he did with that piece of sweet simplicity, his wife; the success being all the greater because you were determined to be up to him this time. With the utmost seeming single-mindedness of purpose does he carry on his double-dealing. For example—

"And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes would sooner die
On the land than in the sea."

Who would look for any droll duality in a simple straightforward statement like that? Or, in another instance, who would suspect his plausible way of characterizing an Eastern city,—

"Where woman goes to mart the same as man—
goes,"

which needs the second-sight to see it? In his lament for the decline of chivalry, how demure is the look of that *double entendre*—

"And none engage at turnneys now
But those that go to law."

Sometimes the unexpectedness is so perfect, and the odd turn so queer, you are completely left in the lurch, as when, in speaking of a storm at sea, he says "The vessel occasionally gave such an awful lurch, that I thought we should have been left in it." And once the twist of the thought is so puzzling, it is like turning the head round suddenly to see something, and getting fixed by a crick or cramp in the neck. It occurs in the ballad of "Sally Brown, and Ben the Carpenter."

"And then he tried to sing 'All's well,'
But could not, though he tried;
*His head was turned, and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.*"

Hood is very successful in unravelling the perplexities of a mind too full of matter,—if the shade of Berkeley will excuse the expression,—or ignorance in a state of spontaneous

combustion, trying to wreak itself on language. Some very droll humor will be found in his many mock-epistles, purporting to be from servants running "all ways to once" in their frantic endeavors to express all their meaning forthwith. The more bewildering the way for them, the clearer case is it for him; the more inadequate their utterance, the more perfectly it serves his purpose; the more they are racked in feeling, the more is language racked by him. A very forcible description of Holland is thus struck out in one of Martha Penny's letters. "Howsum-ever here we are thank providens on dry land if so be it can be could dry that is half ditchis and cannals, at a forin city, by name Rotterdam. The king lives at the Ha-gue and I'll be bound it's haguish enuf for Holland is a cold marshy flatulent country and lies so low they are only saved by being dammed."

A great deal of Hood's wit is apparently purposeless; the natural result of his habit of instantly detecting the oddest coincidences in the world, and spying out some point of likeness and affinity in the remotest opposites—extremes always chancing to meet in his mind as in his life. Yet it was not without a purpose if it served to supply the waiting mouths that turned to him for bread. He was no dinner-out, whose flashes of manufactured merriment lighted up the tables of the rich and great with laughing-gas. But his happy whimsicalities, his graceless puns past all pardon, were carefully booked and sent to market to supply his own dinner-table; his own "good things" were duly exchanged for the world's. When dying, propped up with pillows, his long white face more serious-looking than ever, so thin and spare of body that his spirit appeared to be shining through its sheath, he was found to be toiling away, cheery as Mark Tapley under his difficulties, putting into his last work all the funny thoughts and humorous hints he could find on a bed of death, with the view of leaving as much bread as possible in the cupboard for the dear ones when their bread-winner was gone.

Thomas Hood *could* be witty to very noble purpose—witty in pleading the cause of authors, as in his petition for Copyright, where he urges with very uncommon common sense that "to be robbed by Time is a sorry encouragement to write for Futurity;" that "it must be an ungrateful generation which, in

its love of cheap copies, can lose all regard for the *dear* originals;" that "when your Petitioner shall be dead and buried, he might with as much propriety and decency have his body snatched as his Literary Remains;" that "as a man's hairs belong to his head, so his head should belong to his heirs; and the very law of nature protests against an unnatural law which compels an author to write for everybody's posterity except his own." And in his "Ode to Rac Wilson," he pleads the cause of toleration and genuine religion as effectively as though he never saw double in his life, and only fired single-barrelled meanings. For example—

"Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man,
And give him two black eyes for being blind?"

Or, again—

"Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,

Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?"

Many are the pages of Hood's writings we might point to and show that, when the sparkling particles of his wit have had their dance, they settle down into a rich precipitate of golden wisdom. But, even at the lowest range of his humor, Hood is alive to the least touch of nature. He has a quick sympathy with humanity trying to get expression under grotesque difficulties. Any genuine human affection wins his respect. He never despises it however much he may laugh. In one of his pieces called a "Singular Exhibition at Somerset House," there is a pleading ground-tone of seriousness taking part all the while against the imp of mirth and mischief that is so provocative.

"No Cow! there an't no Cow, then the more's the shame and pity!

Hang you and the R. A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!

No Cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn't talk to me—

You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be—

I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any how,

Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David's Cow!

You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers, and your Wards,

Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are on cords!

They're only fit for window frames and shutters and street doors,
 David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars,—
 Why, Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or sow—
 It's really hard it a'n't hung up—I could cry about the Cow!
 But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of David's fame,
 But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame.
 Do you think it might hang by and by, if you cannot hang it now?
 David has made a party up, to come and see his Cow.
 If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners;
 Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr. Turner's?
 Or do you think from Mr. Etty you need apprehend a row,
 If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow?
 I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,
 Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than Nature;
 It must be hung—and shall be hung, for, Mr. H—, I vow,
 I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got the Cow!
 As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
 If it was only round the stone man's neck acoming up the stair,
 Or down there in the marble room where all the figures stand,
 Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her hand—
 Or maybe Baily's Charity the favor would allow,
 It would really be a charity to hang up David's Cow.
 We haven't nowhere else to go if you don't hang it here,
 The Water-Color place allows no oilman to appear—
 And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Gerrard Douw,
 And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow:
 I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals
 Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels;
 His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
 He hardly whipped the boys at all, or helped to nurse the baby.
 And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
 He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
 Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,
 Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his Cow.

And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by half—
 David sha'n't send next year except a very little calf."

The brilliancy and versatility of Hood's wit have somewhat dimmed for many eyes the glowing lights and graces of his serious fancy. Readers are apt to forget how truly and richly the poet was endowed. Some of his early poetry has a fresh breath of the old English pastures, and in various ways shows a touch of kinship to the Elizabethan men. He shared with Keats in the modern return to the youthful health and poetic luxury of our earlier literature, and came back with something of that poet's love for a flashing phrase, a purple word, a quaint conceit. He tried a variation of the same theme as Keats's "Lamia," wherein he holds his own by some subtle touches of true poetry. His creation, however, has more flesh and blood, and does not rise airily like Keats's golden exhalation of the dawn or bubble of the earth. Some of his little lyrics have the gay grace and lilt of the old dramatists when they wrote in the lyrical mood. The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" is an exquisite poem; the Muse that inspired it was a "delicate Ariel" indeed. It wafts us into real fairy-world, where we find the wee folk, the pretty children of the world's childhood at home. Here are the dainty diminutives, the lovely small *underbodies* that can swing on a flower, or float on a leaf; a pretty importunate crowd of kindly little mimic humanities, moving in quaint attire and sylvan colors, with the quickness of sparkles of sunshine, pleading with a tiny tinkle of tender speech, to be rescued from the destroyer Time, and allowed a little room in our world, and they will fill it with the largest life of good possible to their frailness; for "we are very kindly creatures," they urge; "we soothe all covert hurts and dumb distress."

"And we are near the mother when she sits
 Beside her infant in its wicker bed;
 And we are in the fairy scene that flits
 Across its tender brain: sweet dreams we shed,
 And whilst the tender little soul is fled
 Away to sport with our young elves, the while
 We touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,
 And tinkle the soft lips until they smile,
 So that their careful parents they beguile."

One relates the pageant tricks that he and his merry mates played to beguile a poor wretch from thoughts of suicide.

"Therefore as still he watched the waters flow,
Daintily we transformed, and with bright fins
Came glancing through the gloom; some from
below

Rose like dim fancies when a dream begins,
Snatching the light upon their purple skins;
Then under the broad leaves made slow retire:
One like a golden galley bravely wins
Its radiant course,—another glows like fire,—
Making that wayward man our pranks admire."

And so they wiled him away from death.

Puck, caught in the midst of his freakish
fun, urges the harmless life of himself and
Robin Goodfellow:—

"'Tis we that bob the angler's idle cork,
Till e'en the patient man breathes half a curse;
We steal the morsel from the gossip's fork,
And curdling looks with tickling straws dis-
perse,
Or stop the sneezing chanter at mid-verse."

But the pleading is in vain. Titania's
self, with all her beauty and her tears, fails
to touch grim Time, bent on doing his work;
when lo! a timely apparition glides between
the stern destroyer and the doomed fairy band.
This is Shakspeare, though he seemed

"A mortal at mere hunt
For coney, lighted by the moonshine cold,
Or stalker of stray deer, stealthy and bold."

The pretty crowd felt secure in the shadow
of this interposing power, and they were res-
cued to live on safe in the immortality con-
ferred by him in a certain "Midsummer
Night's Dream."

Hood's "Haunted House" is one of the
most perfect pictures of still life to be found
in all poetry. It is true and graphic, as
though the writer had spent years on years
in some such desolate ruin, on the shadowy
borderland of life and death; peered into all
the dim and dusty nooks, with the vision
strained to that preternatural acuteness which
takes note of the minutest details of physical
circumstances; had lain awake o' nights, and
felt the phantoms flitting through the gloom,
or caught glimpses of them crossing the moon-
rays; had known all the mute significance of
the conscious silence, and listened until there
came from out it those strange sounds that
underlined the stillness, as it were, and made
it more boding and fearful! It required the
finest mental apprehension, the white heat
of imagination, the most sensitive perception,
to take such a picture as this, wherein the
indefinite is caught and fixed so definitely;

the dim and shadowy is turned to tangible
reality with a most startling distinctness; the
abode of death, darkness, and doom is quick-
ened and set swarming with ghastly life; and
a living lonely human being is thus isolated
and suspended betwixt the spirit-world of the
air overhead and the reptile-world of crum-
bling ruin at the feet:—

"The centipede along the threshold crept,
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,
At every nook and angle.

"The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,
The emmets of the steps had old possession,
And marched in search of their diurnal food
In undisturbed procession."

What a perfect sense of security from hu-
man invasion in that nest of earwigs, and
what leisure is implied by the long, slow
march of the ants!

"Such omens in the place there seemed to be,
At every crooked turn, or on the landing,
The straining eyeball was prepared to see
Some apparition standing!"

"The dreary stairs, where with the sounding
stress
Of every step so many echoes blended,
The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to
guess
How many feet ascended."

Everywhere the place is haunted, and
everything appears to feel the consciousness
of crime. In a thousand ways the world of
dumb things speaks, palpably enough, its
knowledge of the mystery. The ancestral
portraits on the walls are filled with no mere
simulated life:—

"Their souls were looking thro' their painted
eyes
With awful speculation."

At the sound of the door creaking on its rusty
hinges it seems as though the murder would
out at last! The screech-owl appears to
mock the cry that she had heard some dying
victim utter!"

"A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,
And up the stair and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murder!"

"The wood-louse dropped and rolled into a ball,
Touched by some impulse, occult or mechanic;
And nameless beetles rang along the wall
In universal panic.

"The subtle spider that from overhead
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread
Ran with a nimble terror."

There was no human voice in the place to speak the tale of horror and amazement. Only every bit of red shone ominously vivid, as though it were self-lighted, and the "Bloody Hand" pointed with prophetic hints to a chamber, across the door of which no spider hung its web, and not even a midge dare dance in the sunbeam when it fell there :—

"The Bloody Hand, significant of crime,
That, glaring on the old heraldic banner,
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time
In such a wondrous manner !

"And over all there hung a cloud of fear ;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted !' "

Hood's novel of "Tylnay Hall" is worth reading, and will be read when our present popular sensation stuff is long forgotten. It contains one capital character, that of "Unlucky Joe," which might have been an early sketch from the hand of Mr. Dickens. Poor Joe, with his inevitable "Fridays" and wallowings in the Slough of Despond, is a specimen of Hood's peculiar mixture. He is so sure that fate is dead against him, and so sick of his unlucky life, that "if it pleased God Almighty to chuck down from heaven a handful of sudden deaths, you'd see me scrambling after one as hard as ever a barefoot beggar boy for a copper out of a coach window." There are good hints in Mrs. Hanway, who reckoned it second only to the mortal sin that so horrified John Bunyan, to have let a sick gentleman go to heaven without having taken his physic ; in Twiggs, the vulgar, who thought it strange that a man of his property could not have a fine day for his fête ; and in the Baronet, a genuine bit of old English foxhunting nature, florid as a picture by Rubens ; sound in heart and brain as in wind ; a man that lived up to the traditional mark, which was not low-water mark, and only died once.

Hood, we are informed, amongst other literary projects, thought of writing a set of Books for Children. It is to be regretted that he did not live to create such a child's world of fancy, fun, and fairie as it must have been. He had a remarkable knack of getting into all sorts of small places, whether it was the insect world or fairy world, or the world of infantine humanity. Into the latter he would slyly creep, as it were on all fours, in

such unexpected ways as would pleasantly startle his small friends with shouts of laughter. He could always get to the heart of a child, however much he might bewilder its mind with the movement and glitter of his fun, which dazzled too much for the meaning to be quickly apprehended, filling the young imagination with a thousand sparkles of splendor, all alive as the dress of Harlequin.

It must have been a droll entertainment to have watched the child-face, and seen it lifted every now and then, with the eyebrows arched in wonder at what was coming next, and heard the "O Mr. Hood !" As a sample of his frolic with the little ones, and his way of playing with them and puzzling them, we turn over his letters to the children of his good friend, Dr. Elliot :—

"MY DEAR MAY,

"I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as *hard* to forget as you are *soft* to roll down a hill with. What fun it was ! only so prickly I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time, before we kiss the earth, we will have its face shaved. I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like *roll* and *butter* ; and as for Mrs. Hood she is for *rolling* in money. Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony, and *caught* a cold, and tell Jeannie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas. I mean to come in my most ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom's mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and *Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper*. There will be such doings, and such things to eat ! but pray, pray, pray, mind they don't boil the baby by mistake for a *plump* pudding ! "

The next quotations are from letters written to the children at the seaside :—

"MY DEAR JEANNIE,

"So you are at Sandgate ! If you should catch a big crab, with strong claws,—and like experiments,—you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and see whether he will break it with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of *sea-calves' feet*, and no *sherry*. There were *starfish* also, but they did not *shine* till they were *sinking*. I hope you like the sea ! I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do

not bottle it up and sell it for ginger-pop. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad. Some time ago exactly, there used to be large white birds, with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them ‘*gulls*,’ but *they didn’t mind it*.

“Well, how happy you must be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time, and I often wish I was two or three children! And wouldn’t I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees!

“When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall *have a peep at you*.”

So the rare pen goes romping on from one child’s mind to the other; the tickling inquiries and funny information flowing from it with the most natural gradation, until, in the letter to the youngest, we have the crowning touches of nature, and a fine flash of imagination:—

“MY DEAR MAY,

“How do *you* like the sea? Not much, perhaps; it’s ‘so big.’ But shouldn’t you like a nice little ocean, that you could put into a pan?

“Have the waves ever run after you yet, and turned your little two shoes into *pumps* full of water? Have you been bathed yet in the sea, and were you afraid? I was, the first time; and, dear me! how I kicked and screamed!—or at least *meant to scream*, but the *sea, ships and all, began to run into my mouth*, and so I shut it up. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first. It would be a good plan to hire a little crab for an hour a day, to teach baby to crawl, if he can’t walk, and if I was his mamma, I *would*, too! Bless him! But I must not write on *him* any more—he is *so soft*, and I have nothing but steel pens. And now, good-by! The last fair breeze I blew dozens of kisses for you, but the wind changed, and, I am afraid, took them all to Miss H—, or somebody that it shouldn’t.”

Of Hood’s power to enter into the heart of a child, and measure the world through its eyes, his remark on the size of the sea is a felicitous illustration. It so admirably expresses that affliction of the little one which seeks to embrace what it loves, and is not satisfied with the greater possessions and less power; while the description of the sea run-

ning, ships and all, into the youngster’s mouth is overwhelming.

It is now some twenty years since Thomas Hood, with heart aching for the poor, sang his famous “Song of the Shirt,” but its echoes have not yet died out of the minds of all good men and true women. Much floating, hazy sympathy for the lower classes—which may at all times be found amongst the real aristocrats—has since then been condensed, and fallen like refreshing rain from heaven to enrich the life of the poor, making many of the waste places blossom. Without any canting about the progress of our age, we may congratulate ourselves on living in a time when the wealthy and the high-born have a livelier sense of their responsibilities—think more of their duties than their dues—more of serving, less of compelling service, than in any time past. Still the day has not yet come when poems like these are no more needed to work with their finer particles in the mind of our nation; to kindle kindly thoughts, and keep the conscience quick, the ear open to the cry of suffering, the eyes clear to see the wrongs that are done to labor, under the sanction of Law, in the common light of day. The feelings to which these make appeal will always be necessary to supplement and soften the hard hearts of those who do not understand what political economy is, and are fond of claiming its sanction for the neglect of duty. The more perfect the societary arrangement, according to the Manchester ideal, the greater surely is our need of that humanity which, working by personal influences, can alone bring about any better relationship betwixt rich and poor. Many no doubt easily shook off the influence of Hood’s startling midnight cry, which still rings in the ears of others, on behalf of the slaves of the needle. Their blinds were drawn down to shut out the sorry sight which the poet showed them in the street, and the silken pillow soon dulled the sound to their delicate ears. It is not at all comfortable to be told how much human life goes to the making of the robes you wear, or how many roses are taken from fair childish cheeks to give a moment’s sweetness and a glow of color to a costly faded life! So they turned away and forgot it as quickly as possible. A recent event has proved to us how necessary it is that the vision of the “Lady’s Dream” should be shown again and again, with its appalling

sights that will be seen though the eyes are shut. The poet tells us how the lady lay in but her soft warm bed, a very nest of luxury ; she moaned in her broken sleep, and tossed her restless arms. So great was her terror that she started up, and seemed to see some dreadful phantom in the dark, and the curtains shook with her tremblings :—

“ And the light that fell on the bordered quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam ;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she
cried—
Oh, me ! that awful dream ! ”

“ That weary, weary walk
In the churchyard’s dismal ground !
And those horrible things with shady wings,
That came and flitted round,—
Death, death, and nothing but death,
In every sight and sound !

“ And oh ! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom ;
And the voice that cried, ‘ For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb ! ’

“ And then they pointed. I never saw
A ground so full of graves !
And still the coffins came
With their sorrowful trains and slow ;
Coffin after coffin still,
In sad and sickening show ! ”

But for the vision the lady had never dreamed of this world’s walking spectres and the moving shadows, so to speak, of Fashion’s fleeting brightness—of the hearts that break daily, the tears that fall hourly, the naked she might have clothed, the hungry she might have fed, the darkly-bewildered on whose way she might have shed some little guiding light. Now all was revealed :—

“ The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears ;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long-forgotten years.

“ Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye,
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I passed it by :
Woe ! woe for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die !

“ Alas ! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod ;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod.

“ Oh ! the wounds I might have healed !
The human sorrow and smart !

And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part :
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart.”

When a man like this has lived his life and done his work, and Death has put his “ Finis ” to the book, one great question is, “ What has he laid up for himself out of this life to bear interest in another ? ” The question on our side is, “ What has he done for the world ? what is the value of his life and writings to us ? ” Hood’s life was a long disease, for which death alone possessed the secret of healing ; a hand-to-hand, foot-to-foot, and face-to-face struggle day by day with adverse circumstances for the means of living. Yet out of all the suffering he secreted a precious pearl of poetry which will be a “ thing of beauty ; ” and, in spite of poverty and pain, he shed on the world such a smile of fun and fancy as will be a merry memory “ forever.”

But it is Thomas Hood’s chief glory that he “ remembered the forgotten.” His greatest work is that which his poems will do for the poor. The proudest place for his name is on the banner borne at the head of their great army as it marches on to many a victory over ignorance, crime, and wrong. The lines written by *Æschylus* for his own epitaph show us that he was prouder of having fought at Marathon and left his mark upon the Medæ than of all the works he had written. Heine, the German Poet-Wit, tells his countrymen he does not know whether he has won the laurel, nor does he care what they say of him as a poet ; but they may lay a sword upon his coffin because he was a brave soldier in the war for the freedom of mankind. In like manner, when we may have expatiated on the wit of Hood, or shown his fancy at the daintiest, the highest praise we can award is symbolled on his own tombstone, “ He sang the Song of the Shirt : ” he gave one fitting voice to the dark, dumb world of poverty. Whilst others might be discussing the “ Condition-of-England ” question, and some were for reforming humanity by new societary systems, and many sat with folded arms, saying, “ There is nothing new and there is nothing true, and it does not matter ; come, let us worship Nirwana ! ” the poet went straight to the heart of the matter, which was the common human heart that underlies all difference of condition, all heavings of the body politic, all shapes of

government. We do not say that he was faultless, or that he always succeeded in holding the balance even between the different classes of men. Indeed, his very last aspiration was to correct an error which some of his writings might seem to encourage. He says in the letter to Sir Robert Peel above alluded to,—the last letter that he ever wrote, “My physical debility finds no tonic virtue in a steel pen, otherwise I would have written one more paper—a forewarning one—against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some share, a one-sided humanity, opposite to that catholic Shaksperian sympathy, which felt with king as well as peasant, and duly estimated the mortal temptations of both stations. Certain classes at the poles of society are already too far asunder; it should be the duty of all writers to draw them nearer by kindly attraction, not to aggravate the existing repulsion, and place a wider moral gulf between rich and poor, with hate on the one side and fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task, the last I had set myself; it is death that stops my pen, you see, and not the pension.”

Finally, Hood was not one of those lofty and commanding minds that rise but once an age, on the mountain ranges of which light first smiles and last lingers. He does not keep his admirers standing at gaze in distant reverence and awe! He is no cold, polished, statuesque idol of the intellect, but one of the darlings of the English heart. You never think of Hood as dead and turned to marble.

Statue or bust could never represent him to the imagination. It is always a real human being, a live workfellow or playfellow that meets you with the quaintest, kindest smile, takes you by the hand, looks into your face, and straightway your heart is touched to open and let him in. In life he complained of his *cold* hand; it used to be chilly as though he was so near an acquaintance of Death that they shook hands daily. You cannot feel the cold hand now; that was put off with the frail mortality. The hand he lays in yours is warm with life. He draws you home to him. You must see Hood in his home to know him: see how he touches with something of beauty the homeliest domestic relationships; see how he will transmute the leadenest cares into the gold of wit or poetry; keep a continual ripple of mirth and sparkle of sunny light playing over the smiling surface that hides the quiet dark deeps where the tragic life is lived unseen; from the saddest, dreariest night overhead bring out fairy worlds of exquisite fancy touched with rosiest light. And whatsoever place his name may win in the Temple of Fame, it is destined to be a household word with all who speak the English language. Though not one of the highest and most majestic amongst immortals, he will always be among those who are near and dear to the English heart for the sake of his noble pleading of the cause of the poor, and few names will call forth so tender a familiarity of affection as that of rare “Tom Hood.”

THE Duke of Coburg's late journey to North Africa is about to form the subject of a splendid work now in preparation. It will be in three parts. The first will contain the journey to Egypt, the stay at Cairo and Alexandria, a Nile journey, the journey to the Red Sea and Massana. The second part, written by the duke himself, will describe hunting and travelling adventures in the mountains of Abyssinia, and will include observations on the Bogos countries and their inhabitants. The last part will contain a history of the events which befell the travelling company at Massana, the return over Egypt, the second stay at Cairo, a visit of the ladies of the harem, and the journey home. Twenty chromo-litho-

graphs, after original water-color drawings by Robert Kretschmer, and scientific addenda will complete the work. It is to appear in large folio, and its price is fixed at about five pounds.

GUSTAV FREITAG's novel, “Debit and Credit,” has got to its tenth edition, a figure reached for the first time by a German novel in the course of the present century.

A PENDANT to Lessing's “Lokoon” has appeared. It is also called “Lokoon,” and its author is George Ruthger, the author of “Androkles, hitherto called the Borghese Fighter.”

From The Spectator, 17 Oct

THE SEIZURE OF THE STEAM RAMS.

If the present impulses of the middle class were obeyed, England would by one and the same act, offer the United States a *casus belli*, surrender the right of the sovereign to prohibit private war, and establish the principle that a power without a coast may keep a fighting fleet at sea. Fortunately those impulses are, under our system, filtered by passing through minds hardened by the long possession of power, accustomed to watch the consequences rather than the motives of public acts, and inclined in the first instance to distrust all popular and emotional policy. More fortunately still, the minister with whom the decision primarily rests is one in whom the quality of pluck rises to a high political virtue, who regards responsibility not as an annoyance, but as the pleasantest incident of high official position. Earl Russell has seldom done a wiser, never a braver, public act than the stoppage of Mr. Laird's steam rams. He knows, no man better, how great will be the annoyance of the friends of the South, how easy it is in England to get up a clamor against any act, however inevitable, which bears, or can be made to bear, an appearance of submission to pressure from without. To stop the rams was to defy three-fourths of the Conservative party, to irritate the whole shipping interest, to hazard a defeat in courts of law, and to risk an explosion of nationality like that which in 1858 hurled Lord Palmerston from his place. The Foreign Secretary has dared it all, and in daring it has saved his country from a blunder, the consequences of which might have affected her position for generations to come.

The break-down of the Foreign Enlistment Act, under Baron Pollock's decision in the case of the *Alexandra*, had been followed by this extraordinary consequence. The Government of the country, even when fully supported by Parliament, seemed no longer to have the power of enforcing the neutrality of its own subjects. Any filibuster who chose to ally himself with a belligerent power, however great or however small—Russia or Ecuador, the Confederate States or Buenos Ayres—was at liberty to fit out a fleet, plate it with iron, send it three miles to sea, follow it with its equipment, and then, without further warrant or entrance into his ally's port, without a belligerent crew or any belligerent claim save a piece of parchment, to ravage the seas, burn, sink, or destroy the ships of any power with whom his employers might be at war. The Enlistment Act could not prevent him; for unless the crown lawyers could prove, first, the secret intention of the builders; secondly, the

equipment of the vessels in England within low water-mark; and thirdly, the connection between the equipment and the unlawful purpose, the Enlistment Act was about as operative as if already obsolete. There was literally nothing to prevent the Peninsular and Oriental Company from making war upon Egypt, under the Abyssinian flag, or the whole Irish people from bombarding Italian ports under the command of any officer nominated by the pope. The Government was sinking into the position of an authority so discredited that it could not prevent hostilities against powers with whom it had decided to remain on friendly terms—to the position, in fact, popularly assigned to the Federal Cabinet with the additional aggravation that the power claimed by single States of the Union is exercised in this country by individual shipbuilders, and is extended by the colonies over the civilized world. There is nothing Indian shipbuilders would like better than pillaging Batavia under the flag of the Sultan of Bruni; Mauritius owners would strike in in the quarrel between Madagascar and France with very decisive effect; and even Australia, distant as she is, could in the Pacific embroil us fairly with half the powers of the globe. No government with a right to exist, least of all a government founded on Conservative principles, could endure such a state of things for an hour; and had Earl Russell been as bitter a Southerner as Lord Wharnccliffe he must have asserted the latent power of every civilized state to put down anarchy of this sort, to terminate the possibility of legalized filibustering. And having the work to do, he must, as a constitutional minister, have taken precisely the course he did take, have warned the builder to keep the ships, have made the warning effectual by sending a man-of-war to see it obeyed, and have then awaited with placid contempt for party clamor, the decision of Parliament on the principle it intended in future to maintain. Anybody who fancies that Parliament once formally appealed to will suffer its own supreme authority to glide from its hands into those of unauthorized individuals does not understand the House of Commons. In such a contingency we can rely on Lord Robert Cecil as completely as on Lord Palmerston, and are not guilty of impudence when we expect from Mr. Laird the condemnation by vote of his own ship-yard.

The internal disgrace, the relaxation of the legitimate power of the State in favor of filibustering, is a most serious danger, but it is trifling when compared with the external one. Suppose we had allowed these rams to go. The Federal States might possibly not have declared war, for the Government of those States is wiser than its people, and the free-

holders are not directly interested in the profits of the carrying trade; but we should have risked a war in order to establish a principle absolutely fatal to the maritime system upon which English greatness and commerce alike depend, a principle which triples the force of every power on earth except ourselves. It is possible, for example, though we trust for the sake of human sanity not probable, that we may in six months find ourselves at war with the German Diet. That as a maritime war is not at present a very formidable business. The Danes would soon open the Baltic, and the Mediterranean fleet would be half ashamed of its easy victory over Archduke Maximilian's much loved squadrons. But there would be another enemy to be considered. Germany would have a right to build iron-clads in America, in Holland, and in Russia, to send them to sea with no sailors beyond a German captain, and to keep them there without any port of entry. From every American port over the Atlantic and throughout the Pacific German men-of-war would be preying upon our commerce, harassing the rich Indian coast, raising freights and insurances to a figure which would terminate freight. The Indian trade, the Colonial trade, the American trade, would disappear, or be reduced to the dimensions within which convey is possible, and we should be forced in our own despite to declare war on America—that is, to do the very act the menace of which from the Federals seems to ourselves so insolent. The whole balance of power, the comparative strength of states in the world, would be, in fact, upset. Statesmen would have to count not only the fleets and the armies of their opponents, but the possibly hostile resources of friendly dockyards, to “conciliate” builders in Pennsylvania as well as statesmen in Paris, to count the shipwrights of California as well as the soldiers of German powers. Every war, in fact, would be a war with the maritime strength of every nation in which popular opinion did not happen to be strongly upon our side. Every war would become a “free fight,” and statesmanship be degraded into a system of guessing by rule. No power without colonies need keep distant fleets, for everywhere where ships could be built the possession of a fleet would be a matter for the remittance of money alone, and France,

for example, would be as strong in the Pacific without a fleet, against any power but the Union, as she now is with one. She could fit out in San Francisco all the ships she could pay for, and the Union would not be bound to interfere. Nor is this argument open to the remark that England also will benefit by the new principle, for England alone amongst the powers is seated in full defensible strength in every corner of the globe. To the possessor of Australia and British Columbia, Canada and India, of the only oak forests and the best forests of teak, of the largest supplies of iron, and the most numerous race of sailors, aid of this kind would be simply oppressive. No statesman who believes, as English statesmen of all parties in their hearts believe, that maritime ascendancy is essential to the *status*, and maritime strength to the very existence of Great Britain, will consent to the introduction of a principle which in all future maritime wars would turn the universal seamanship of the rest of the world into one vast reservoir of power for our antagonists. England is strong, but if every race which dislikes England is at liberty to arm ships for any power which may choose to declare war on her, the day of her defeat must be fast approaching. To defy a league of the maritime world might be in certain circumstances an act of magnificent heroism, but carefully to construct such a league in order one day to fight it is one of suicidal folly.

Yet it is this, and nothing less, which Earl Russell with his aristocratic hardihood has just now prevented. If the rams are let go, America has her precedent; if we fight to let them go she has a precedent, to which we cannot hereafter venture to demur. We cannot believe that Parliament will for the sake of the South give her such an opportunity, or that even if anxious for war with the North, the House of Commons will fail to retain to itself the right of fixing the time and the reason for a campaign. Party feeling goes down before the desire for the greatness of England, and as for the howl of the *Herald* over English want of courage, we have only to let it howl on. England is not careful of taunts, even when embarked in a course opposed alike to her interest and her principles, and may well bear them easily when aware that she is maintaining both.

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LORD BROUGHAM ON THE AMERICAN WAR
AND ON THE FRENCH OCCUPATION
OF MEXICO.

LORD BROUGHAM delivered an elaborate address at the opening of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the National Association for the promotion of Social Science at Edinburgh, on Oct. 8. In the course of his speech he made the following reference to the Mexican expedition, and American topics in general:—

A great, and but for its success, a very unpopular expedition has resulted in the occupation of Mexico by the French Government, and the foundation of a monarchical *régime*, nearly upon the principles adopted in France, both as regards the power of the crown and the rights of the people. It is impossible to question the advantages derivable from the change by the Mexicans, who for so many years had suffered all the evils of alternate anarchy and the violence and plunder of pretty tyrants. Nor can any friend of humanity and of peace begrudge the influence acquired by France, or cavil at the use made of it in favor of Austria. The peace of the Continent is furthered by whatever brings these two great powers into a friendly connection.

* * * * *

But the establishment of French influence in Mexico is likely to produce an uneasy feeling in the now unhappily dis United States of America, and may by no remote possibility lead to an amicable intercourse with the South, not perhaps against the North, but in formal recognition of the secession, and in breach of the blockade. The friends of humanity would have good cause for lamenting anything so manifestly tending to promote the continuance of the war, and extends its mischiefs. The term civil war is now hardly applicable to this miserable contest. The people of the South are banded against those of the North, exactly as any two European nations, differing in all respects save language, have been banded against each other—the Austrians and Prussians, for example. But give it what name we may, no one can doubt that it is a cruel calamity to the Americans themselves, and, though in a much less degree, to the rest of the world, which, with one accord, joins in reprobating their conduct while lamenting its effects. Each party, of course, seeks to cast on the other the heavy blame of breaking the peace. On one side is the wicked allegation of property in human beings; on the other,

the hollow pretext of making war to free American slavery—her shame and her curse, as all except slave-owners admit it to be. Hollow we may call it, for those who proclaimed emancipation confess that it was a measure of hostility to the whites, and designed to produce slave insurrection, from which the much-enduring nature of the unhappy negroes saved the country. My esteemed friend, the prelate who exalts by his eloquence and his virtues the name of Wilberforce which he inherits, declared that the authors of the measure cared as little for the blacks' freedom as for the whites'; and now they call for extermination of the one race to liberate the other. But, whatever may have been the proximate cause of the contest, its continuance is the result of a national vanity without example and without bounds. Individuals subject to this failing are despised, not hated; and it is an ordinary expression respecting him who is without the weakness, that he is too proud to be vain. But when a people are seized with it, they change the name, and call it love of glory. Of the individual we often hear the remark that despicable as the weakness is, it leads to no bad actions. Nothing can be more false. It leads to many crimes, and to that disregard of truth which is the root of all offences. Certainly it produces none of the worse crimes. The man who is a prey to vanity thirsts not for the blood of his neighbor. How fearfully otherwise is it when a nation is its slave! Magnifying itself beyond all measure, and despising the rest of mankind—blinded and intoxicated with self-satisfaction—persuaded that their very crimes are proofs of greatness, and believing that they are both admired and envied, *the Americans have not only not been content with the destruction of half a million, but been vain of the slaughter.* Their object being to retain a great name among nations for their extent of territory, *they exulted in the wholesale bloodshed by which it must be accomplished, because others were unable to make such a sacrifice.* The struggle of above two years, which loosened all the bonds which holds society together, and gave to millions the means of showing their capacity, *has produced no genius, civil or military; while the submission to every caprice of tyranny had been universal and habitual, and never interrupted by a single act of resistance to the most flagrant infractions of personal freedom.* The mischiefs

of mob supremacy have been constantly felt; for the calamity of rational and respectable men keeping aloof from the management of affairs has resulted in the tyranny of the multitude. To this tyrant the nominal rulers have never withheld their submission; and the press, catering for the appetites of the populace, and pandering to their passions, has persisted in every misrepresentation which might most disguise the truth as to passing events, exaggerating each success, extenuating each defeat, often describing failure as victory; while the multitude, if the truth by chance reached them, were one day sunk in despair, another elated to ecstasy, almost at the pleasure of their rulers and their guides. Nor were the falsehoods thus propagated confined to the event of the war; they extended to all things—to the measures of the government and the acts of foreign nations. The public feeling must not be thwarted; the people desired to hear whatever gratified their vanity or raised their spirits; and in this delusion must they live as long as the war lasts and the rule is in the hands of the mob. The truth they will never hear, because they desire to hear what is pleasing and not what is true. But it would be a great mistake to charge on their false guides the follies and the crimes which they chime in with and do their best to perpetuate. The people are determined to their course. Far from feeling shame at the cruel scenes which modern ages—nay, which Christian times—have seen nothing to equal,—a spectacle at which the whole world stands aghast, almost to incredulity,—*they actually glory in it as a proof of their higher nature, believe themselves to be the envy as the flower of mankind, and fancy that their prowess would triumph over the most powerful states of Europe!* In such illusions their chiefs may not practically join, but the people are, beyond doubt, a prey to them, and will continue so to the end,—

“Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies,
They that hate truth shall be the dupes of lies;
And if they will be cheated to the last,
Delusion strong as hell shall bind them fast.”

The feeling toward England which prevails among the American people, though arising from the excess of national vanity, and its kindred envy, is certainly in part the remains of the old quarrel that led to the separation. *We are hated and despised; neither feeling is at all reciprocal, but among our kinsfolk it prevails in a degree amounting to mental alienation;* it can be hardly accounted for without recurring to the ancient grudge of the American war; and it illustrates the soundness of the view taken by those who have most considered the great subject of colonial policy, that we must so govern our settlements as to prepare for a separation on friendly terms, always assuming that sooner or later their growth will bring about their independence. Some distinguished men in the literary as well as political world have lately maintained the opinion *that our colonies are only a burden and that they give us no benefits worth the expense they entail.* This is a great error, and it is not now for the first time that I so describe it. Sixty years ago, while residing here, I published a work in which the whole subject was fully examined in all its branches, and a demonstration given of the benefits—political, social, and commercial—of colonial establishments, with detailed proofs that their cost falls far short of their benefits, and that the wars ascribed to them had another origin. The book was very soon out of print, and I have always refused to allow a second edition. It might now, however, be of some use, as the information contained respecting the colonies of all nations ought to be more generally diffused. The lapse of sixty years has no doubt made great changes, and the work is to be viewed as historical with regard to the facts; but the doctrines have been confirmed by all that has happened; they are entirely applicable to the present state of affairs and are most worthy of attention from the promoters of social science. His lordship then briefly passed in review the progress made by our colonies in the last sixty years, and what has been done in the way of emigration, and then turned to the consideration of topics of general interest only.